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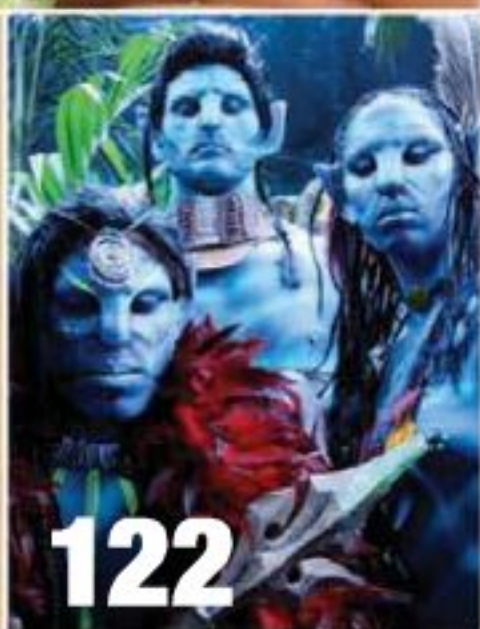
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IS OBAMA BEING OUT-FOXED?

There's no question that President Barack Obama is a great strategist. That's how he won the 2008 election. So why does he appear so helpless when it comes to the vicious, deceitful and destructive attacks spewing from the Fox News Channel?

It's time to get tough, Mr. President. Forget about reaching across the political divide. The attacks led by Fox News are crippling not only your supporters but also your very agenda and your Presidency itself.

Use the skills you exhibited during your electoral campaign. Muster your troops. Set them loose. You can stay above the fray, but you have to take control.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



I'M MAKING A LIST OF EVERYBODY WHO NEEDS A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED ASS KICKING.

WELL, I HOPE YOU PUT YOUR NAME AT THE TOP OF THAT LIST.

WINNERS

RADAR LOVE

Is it wrong to fall in love with a gadget? What if it were a red light camera and speed camera detector designed to keep you from getting a ticket. Then falling in love is okay, right?



The **GPS Angel** utilizes top-of-the-line global-positioning technology to warn you of upcoming red lights and fixed speed cameras. The unit is simple to set up and

use right out of the box. Simply plug it into your vehicle's cigarette lighter, program points of interest and hit the road. Thanks to a five-color LED warning display, the **GPS Angel** is easy to read.

Plus the gizmo is completely legal. Switch it on and go. Spend your cash on things you need—like porn, not traffic tickets.

Available at GPSAngel.com. Suggested retail price: \$99.

HOME INVASION

No one beats **iHome** for cool-looking and awesome-sounding speaker systems for the **iPhone** and **iPod**. Its latest marvel is the **iP39** Dual Kitchen Timer and Alarm Clock Radio Speaker System for **iPhone/iPod**. It combines sleek kitchen design with an easy-to-clean surface and two independent timers. The unit also features a retractable universal dock, time sync feature, magnetic remote control and USB port to charge devices. Perfect for rocking your kitchen!

Available at iHomeAudio.com. Suggested retail price: \$99.99.



STONE WHITE

There are a ton of wireless headsets out there, but none are as stylish and revolutionary as the **Jabra Stone**. It features advanced microphone technology that takes the headset off your face without sacrificing any sound quality. The amazing device is equipped with an on-the-go charger that, when the headset is placed inside, gives the appearance of a smooth stone. The compact combination easily fits in the palm of your hand.

Weighing just 7 grams, the **Jabra Stone** removes residual sounds via Noise Blackout Extreme technology and dual noise-canceling microphones. A single charge allows for up to eight hours of talk and 12 days of standby time. The **Jabra Stone** comes with USB cable, wall charger and Bluetooth 2.1 technology.

Available at Wireless.ATT.com. Suggested retail price: \$129.99.



BLOWIN' SMOKE

Smoking sucks! It's a dirty, disgusting and expensive habit. You've been trying to quit for years, and the nicotine patches give you headaches. Nothing has worked.

Maybe it's time to try something entirely different.

The disposable **Krave 500** electronic smokeless cigarettes look and feel just like the real thing without filling your lungs with all that poisonous smoke, tar, carbon dioxide and nicotine. There's a choice of flavors (original, menthol, apple, chocolate, vanilla and cherry), and each e-cig is good for up to 500 puffs—the equivalent of 50 conventional cigarettes!

This smoking alternative won't give you bad breath and smelly clothes, and your nonsmoking friends will no longer bitch about how your cigarette vapors are endangering them and polluting the world. What's stopping you from trying **Krave**? Okay, how about if we give you a pack for free? See entry form below for your chance to win.

Available at KraveIt.com. Suggested retail price: \$19.95.



SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM!

For your chance to win a pack of **Krave Smokeless Electronic Cigarettes**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: Krave Smokes Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

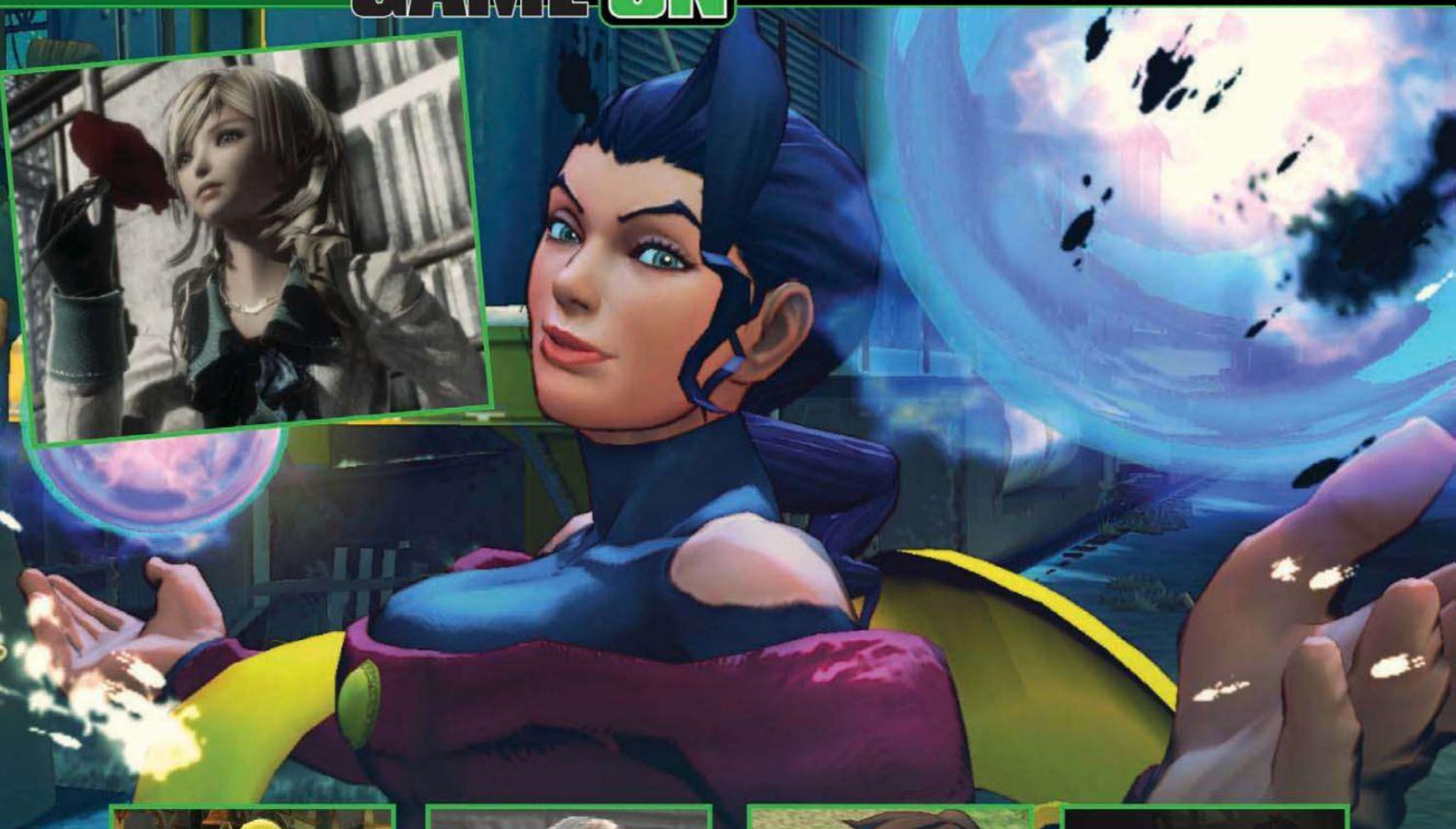
Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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IT'S OGRE!

**Shrek Forever After:
The Game**

Activision
PS3, Wii, DS, Xbox 360

Remember fun? It was the reason we used to play video games. Released to coincide with the final movie in the animated series, *Shrek Forever After: The Game* is unadulterated fun. Players become one of the film's main characters (Shrek, Donkey or Princess Fiona) and switch between both of the green giant's realities. Along the way, you'll engage in epic battles with witches and that douchebag Rumpelstiltskin, solve puzzles and have a good time.



ACCEPT YOUR FATE

Resonance of Fate

SEGA
PS3, Xbox 360

We love a damsel in distress—especially if she knows how to handle a gun. There are a lot of role-playing games out there that boast cinematic reality. However, they all pale in comparison to *Resonance of Fate*. Seriously, you will forget you are playing a game and become totally immersed in a mind-boggling steampunk world that rivals the razzle-dazzle of a blockbuster film. And the women are so lifelike, you can almost reach out and touch them. Instead, you'll probably end up touching yourself again.



KICKASS CHICKS

Super Street Fighter IV

Capcom
Xbox 360, PS3

The fight is on, and this time it's awesome! The latest in the popular series delivers the ultimate fighting experience. *Super Street Fighter IV* further redefines the genre with phenomenal graphics, a host of new moves and 35 formidable characters. There's also an "Ultra Combo System" for more kickass action.



GO GREEN AND ROCK

Green Day: Rock Band

MTV Games
PS3, Wii, Xbox 360

Okay, so the fact that Green Day inspired a Broadway musical may seem like the group has sold out. Yes, hearing operatic voices singing tracks from *American Idiot* is pretty weird. But having their own video game restores faith in the boys' punker cred. *Green Day: Rock Band* features 47 of the outfit's greatest hits, ranging from "Basket Case" to "21 Guns" and beyond. Don't be an idiot, American or otherwise. Get this cool game.

FOXES CONTINUE TO RUN HENHOUSE

ROBERT RUBIN GIVEN PASS FOR KEY ROLE IN DESTROYING ECONOMY

One of the hallmarks of American power elites—in contrast to those of, say, Japan—is that they never seem to be held accountable for their crimes and incompetence. Instead of committing hara-kiri, they just lay low for a few months and then pretend they had nothing to do with any of it.

So it is that CNN pundit Fareed Zakaria, who suffered no apparent shame or career consequences for initially backing the biggest U.S. foreign-policy blunder since Vietnam—the invasion of Iraq, can be paid to blithely toss softball questions on national television to Robert Rubin, key backer of the most destructive domestic policies in the same time period: the dereg-

“First of all,” Rubin said, “I am not the apostle of financial deregulation. Quite the contrary. On derivatives...I developed a deep concern about the systemic problem that was created. When I was back at Goldman Sachs, it was a concern I had...a concern I had when I was in government. And, in fact, when I wrote my book in 2003, I was so concerned about it that I actually included that discussion in there.”

Zakaria ended the show recommending it as his book of the week: “He [Rubin] wrote a great memoir that covered his two distinguished careers, both...on Wall Street and in Washington. ... It was written with Jacob Weisberg, a great writer, the [former] editor

In one of the most egregious conflicts of interest in U.S. history, Rubin went to work for Citigroup, which took advantage of the changes in the law to buy up the infamous subprime lenders, beginning with Associates First Capital.

ulation of the banking industry.

Ah, television “journalism.”

On this particular Sunday, I was trapped on a treadmill in front of an overhead television and unable to turn the thing off in time to avoid this assault on my mental and physical health. As a result I was forced to hear Rubin, Treasury secretary under President Clinton, insist he always favored regulating toxic derivatives and is therefore not at all responsible for the ensuing economic meltdown.

Rubin was responding to the sole critical question from the CNN host, who quoted a question by *New York Times* columnist Paul Krugman: “Did all the senior members of the [Obama] economics team have to be protégés of Robert Rubin, the apostle of financial deregulation?”

Unfortunately, Zakaria just rolled over when his guest simply lied in response:

of Slate, and the two men weave a compelling tale that has many lessons for today.”

To be charitable, I will assume that Zakaria has not actually read that book, which omits any discussion of the radical deregulation legislation that Rubin ushered through Congress and got the President to sign. Clinton is on record stating he got bad advice from Rubin and his handpicked successor, Lawrence Summers, on derivatives regulation: “On derivatives, yeah, I think they were wrong, and I think I was wrong to take [their advice],” Clinton told ABC News in April 2010.

Rubin and Summers were responsible for forcing Brooksley Born out of the Clinton Administration because, as chair of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, she had the temerity to suggest regulating the mortgage-backed securities that eventually proved to be so toxic. Instead, Rubin and Summers pushed the Commodity Futures

Modernization Act, which Clinton signed into law before his last month in office, categorically exempting those suspect derivatives from any government regulation.

By then, Rubin had moved on to a \$15-million-a-year job at Citigroup, which became a prime exploiter of the subprime housing market. As a result of its massive involvement with toxic securities, Citigroup—with Rubin in a leading role until early 2009—had to be bailed out by the federal government with a \$45-billion direct investment and a guaranteed Fed protection for \$306 billion in potentially toxic assets.

Citigroup, a merger of the old Citicorp and Travelers Group, was made legal only by the Financial Services Modernization Act, which Rubin backed while serving as Treasury secretary.

Then, in one of the most egregious conflicts of interest in U.S. history, Rubin went to work for the new bank, which took advantage of the changes in the law to buy up the infamous subprime lenders, beginning with Associates First Capital. *The Economist* magazine questioned whether investors would see Citi’s bold new venture “as something smart, such as ‘evolved credit extension,’ or something seamy, such as loan-sharking.”

Rubin was a major proponent of the firm’s seamy expansion into the mortgages that proved to be toxic, and by 2007 Citigroup was the second-largest subprime servicer, after the only slightly more infamous Countrywide.

There is much more, and I haven’t even touched on Rubin’s shameful role in Enron’s shenanigans. Enough said, though, to question not only Fareed Zakaria’s journalism but, far more important, Barack Obama’s leadership in first turning to Rubin as a key campaign adviser and then putting his disciples in charge of the U.S. economy.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of *TruthDig.com*, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*. 



"Hey, baby, you've gotta come see this! They finally pissed Obama off!"

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ELENA KAGAN?

OUR NEWEST SUPREME COURT JUSTICE MAY BE A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

As soon as a President nominates anybody to the Supreme Court, I start my research into that person hard and deep. I wholly agree with the late Chief Justice Earl Warren that “the preservation of our [individual] civil liberties [is] the most fundamental and important of all our governmental problems. ... If we ever permit those liberties to be destroyed, there will be nothing left in our system worthy of preservation.”

Elena Kagan, former dean of Harvard Law School, is now one of the nine potentates whose decisions—or refusal to review Constitutional rulings by lower courts—will affect millions of us for years to come. The common synonym for the John Roberts Court she joins is “conservative.” So, as has often occurred, when there’s a 5-4 decision, will Elena Kagan be a champion of the Bill of Rights or a soul sister of Antonin Scalia?

How much do you know about the Court’s

ings or in the press—except from Harvey Silverglate in the *Boston Phoenix*. A Constitutional lawyer I’ve been learning from for years, Silverglate is coauthor of *The Shadow University*, the book that first exposed collegiate administrators’ ruthless attacks on the free speech of free-thinking students and professors on campuses nationwide. These “speech codes” have since been regularly exposed and shamed by FIRE (Foundation for Individual Rights in Education), which Silverglate cofounded. (I’m on its Advisory Committee.)

Silverglate tells of two black men in Iowa who were caged for 25 years before they learned that the key testimony against them had been beaten out of the so-called witnesses. And to make sure the defendants would be convicted, the prosecution had lawlessly withheld exculpatory evidence favorable to them.

At long last the case reached the Iowa

Kagan’s Senate confirmation hearings were customarily shallow, and the press in all its forms did very little digging of its own.

newest member? Kagan’s Senate confirmation hearings were customarily shallow, and the press in all its forms did very little digging of its own. Worse yet, as weekly national columnist and radio commentator John Whitehead accurately observed: “The average American...lacks even a rudimentary knowledge of the Constitution or Bill of Rights. ... Martial law...may be one terrorist attack away.”

Think of what remnants of the Bill of Rights would have been blown to bits if the would-be Times Square car bomber had been successful.

In 2009, arguing on a case before the Supreme Court, Elena Kagan actually said: “Whether a given category of speech enjoys First Amendment protection depends upon a categorical balancing of the value of speech against its societal costs.” In all the writings of James Madison, the Father of the First Amendment, you’ll never find such broad and vague censorship of free speech. Who has this power to cripple free speech? The High Court on which Kagan now sits!

And dig *this* Kagan disemboweling of our rule of law. It never came up in the confirmation hear-

Supreme Court, which threw out one defendant’s conviction and cut the other’s sentence to time served. Naturally, citing the rawly clear violations of their Constitutional rights and the government’s theft of all those years of their lives, these Americans betrayed by our legal system sued for damages.

Their case ultimately reached the Supreme Court of the United States, where a crucial question focused on the accountability of the prosecutors who so cruelly violated the defendants’ Sixth Amendment right to a fair trial. In a friend-of-the-court brief, Elena Kagan—then Obama’s Solicitor General (the President’s representative in matters before the Supreme Court)—insisted that there be “absolute immunity” for those lawless prosecutors!

Kagan told the Justices, who are now her colleagues, that making those Iowa prosecutors accountable for this blatant false imprisonment (my words, not hers) would result in “untold social costs.” Like what? Preventing the conviction of the innocent?

Our new Supreme Court Justice claimed

there should be no penalty for so callously violating the Bill of Rights. There wasn’t a peep of disagreement from her boss—then and now. It’s getting harder and harder to believe that Barack Obama once taught Constitutional law at the University of Chicago.

I’m not surprised. In April 2010 the *New York Times* reported that during a chat with reporters on Air Force One, Obama had imperiously criticized the Earl Warren Supreme Court for going out of its proper way by decisions that overruled elected officials. This was the Supreme Court that decided to exclude from trials any evidence illegally obtained by investigators (*Mapp v. Ohio*) and also established the Miranda right of any American arrested to remain silent. And to keep the core of the Constitution functioning, the Warren Court—in *New York Times v. Sullivan*—nailed down the First Amendment right to criticize public officials.

That is the Supreme Court Obama says went too far. Now he’s comfortable with Elena Kagan on the Roberts Court. He’s also delighted, I expect, that his choice for the Court, during her confirmation hearings, agreed with Obama (as the *New York Times* reported) that “people suspected of helping to provide material support to terrorists” should be subject to battlefield law—including detention without trial—even if they were not captured in a battle zone.

“Material support”? Talk about a model of broadness and vagueness of incriminating language!

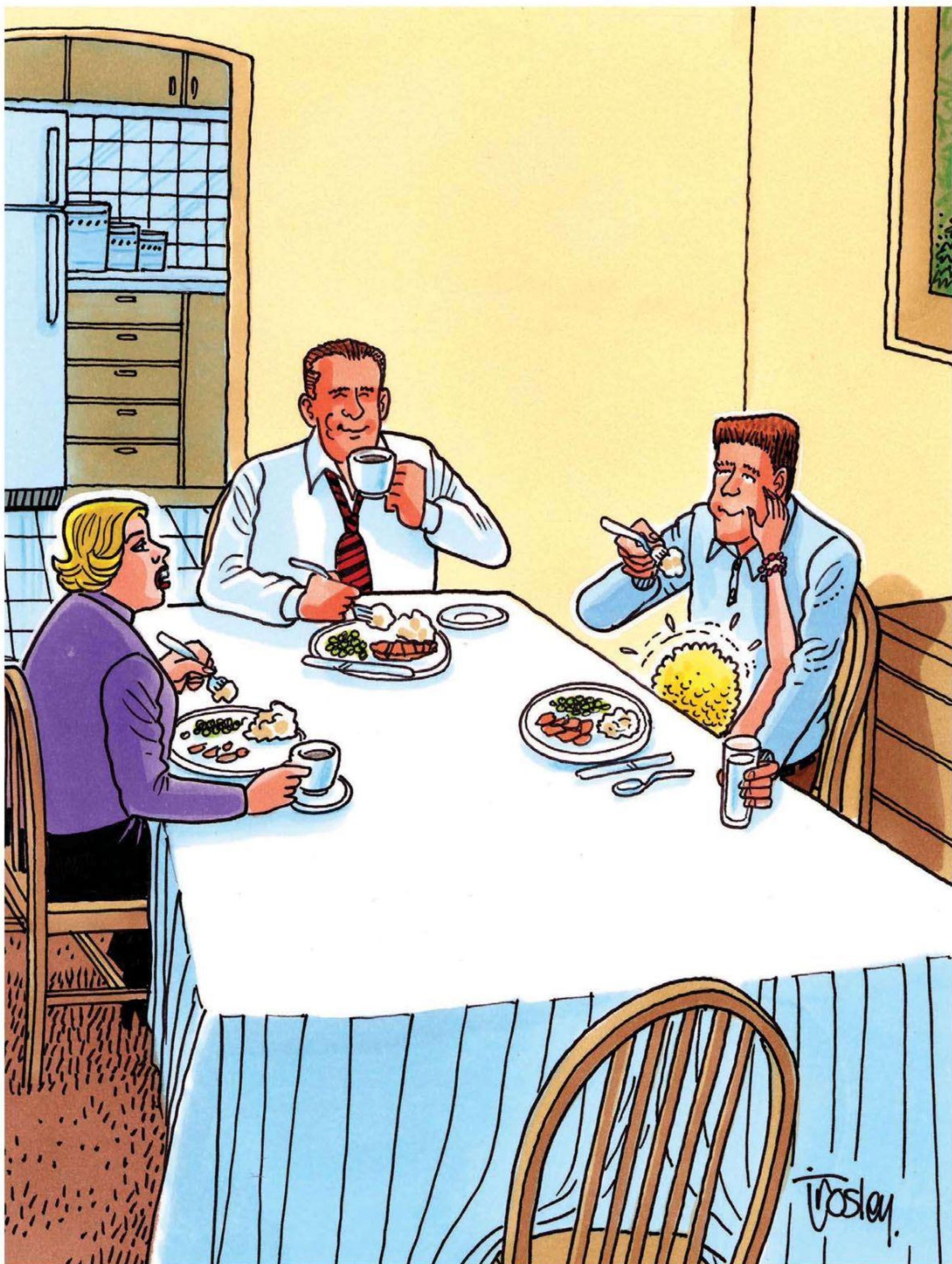
This President has also been insistently advocating his power to imprison terrorism suspects indefinitely if he can’t put them on trial before military commissions or in our federal courts because the evidence against them was extracted by our having tortured them. It’s called “permanent detention.”

If Obama gets the legislation to do that—thereby showing the world again how distorted our rule of law has become under Bush, Cheney and Obama—the President will have a cheerleader on the Roberts Court for his mocking the Declaration of Independence’s insistence that “we have a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.” And a decent respect for ourselves.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*



and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"This slut of yours, Tim... Is she a slut from a good family?"

WHY FRANK SINATRA MATTERED

AT HIS BEST THE CROONER HAS NO CONTENDERS.

For around a year or so I have been obsessed with Frank Sinatra. It started when I programmed him into my iPod. I would put it on shuffle, and as it played I would click past my other choices, past Amy Winehouse and Elvis Costello, until I reached a Sinatra track. Finally saying, "Fuck shuffle!" I just played nothing but Sinatra.

There's something about the singer that never gets boring. Listening to him at his prime—the '50s and '60s—he's utterly amazing. Sinatra may have had the most perfect voice ever. The interpretation, the control, his use of the voice as an instrument and the absolute attention to craft are unbelievable.

You'd think having all that talent would have made Sinatra's life complete bliss. However, in reading about the man, you discover he was absolutely miserable most of his life. Perhaps it was that pain that made him amazing. You take the bad because it influences the good.

The early Sinatra—the late '30s and '40s—is quite uninteresting. Sure, the voice was pure, but it wasn't until the 1950s—after his career took a dive—that he became great. He was dropped by both his movie studio and his record company, divorced his wife Nancy and married actress Ava Gardner. He even ruptured his vocal cords, temporarily rendering him unable to sing. Worst of all, he lost his confidence. I recently saw him in a 1950 Bob Hope TV special, and he came across as a real honest-to-goodness, washed-up has-been.

Then Sinatra garnered 1953's best supporting actor Academy Award for his performance in *From Here to Eternity*. With the confidence of that win, he came back better than ever. The pain had added something to his abilities. The boy was now a man. It was one brilliant album after another. This was his "golden age." It was perfection, and for no small reason. The man strove for it. He wanted to be the best there ever was.

With a few exceptions, really famous performers today don't have that devotion to

craft. They aren't trying to be the best there is. They settle for popularity and tons of cash. Take Amy Winehouse. At her best she's remarkable, very reminiscent of Billie Holiday. But she seems to have no respect for her talents. Not giving a shit, she's letting it all fall apart. In the end this attitude may wind up killing her.

Very few performers can hold on to those powers as long as Frank did. In their heyday the Rolling Stones were the best rock 'n' roll band ever. In them I heard that same perfection you find in Sinatra. But he retained it for 25 years; the Stones couldn't.

Sinatra's career spanned longer than six decades, although his final 15 years saw a pathetic loss of his powers. Woody Allen once said that by the time he finally got to meet his idol, Groucho Marx, the man had suffered three heart attacks. By then, Allen said, "There was nothing left." It was depressing, he elaborated, to see that no matter how much talent you have, one day it will be taken away from you.

I remember feeling that way the one time I actually saw Sinatra perform live. It was in May 1992, six years before he died. My acquaintance, comedian Tom Dreesen, was in the San Francisco Bay area opening for Sinatra at the Circle Star Theater, so he invited me to see the great man at work. I was supposed to meet him that night, but no such luck. Tom told me Sinatra's best friend Jilly

Rizzo had died that day, and the grieving singer wasn't seeing anyone, although he forced himself to do the concert. But the figure onstage was depressing. I remember thinking that when the light hit him just right and he hit a note on target, I was seeing the old Sinatra. But mostly I was just seeing the *old* Sinatra.

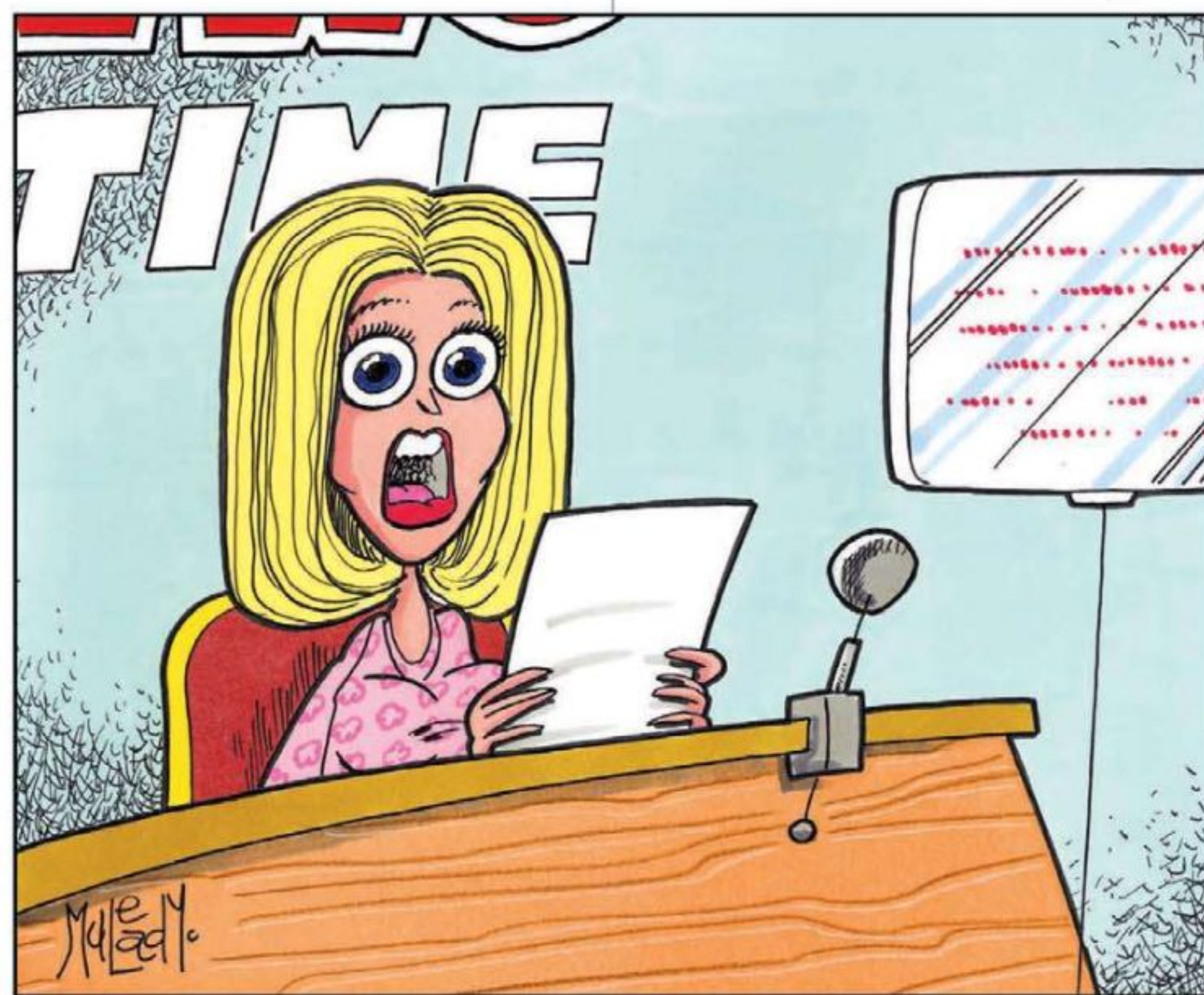
At one point I thought Frank was staring at me as he sang. Then I realized I was sitting behind one of the teleprompters that surrounded the stage, and he was reading from it. "She gets too hungry for dinner at 8, Jack," he sang. On the teleprompter I saw the word *Jack* had been inserted in an effort to evoke his past hipness.

On my iPod I once had a bootleg of a Sinatra concert recorded in Milan, Italy, in 1986. When you hear him sing the first lines of "Night and Day," he's off-key. There's nothing left of him. Historically, it is known as the worst concert he ever gave. I have deleted it from my playlist.

Today's entertainers should learn from Frank Sinatra: Strive for perfection. That would be the one true tribute to the greatest singer of all time.



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).



"And in an unexpected move, the scientific community has added Republican brains to the endangered species list."



"Not tonight, baby. I have a sore throat."

SEX, DEATH & HOLLYWOOD

BUT NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER

MOVIE STARS ARE TOO COOL TO DIE.

"Because I could not stop for Death, he kindly stopped for me."

—Emily Dickinson

"People are dying who never died before."

—Ernest Hemingway

No one ever dies in Hollywood. There's just too much to do. There is lunch with your agent and a text from your publicist and a red-carpet event that you need to attend. There's a court appearance for your latest DUI or a meeting with your accountant. Who has time to die, and if you did, who would know? There are endless reruns of your movies and perpetual syndications of your last TV sitcom.

The obvious limitations aside, death can be a shot in the arm to one's career. Witness recent sales of Michael Jackson's music or the ongoing releases by Tupac Shakur since 1996. Personal appearances can be a bother, to be sure, but there are always celebrity lookalikes to take up the slack. The poster boy for death-as-career is, of course, Elvis. Since his death in 1977, he has morphed into more than a star; he has become a religious icon.

And then there's sex. In Hollywood everyone from the valet at the Ivy to the star of this weekend's top grosser is poking or being poked, often at the same time. There are movie stars, pool guys, porn stars, housewives, rock stars, chauffeurs, Laker legends, cat burglars, sex symbols, script doctors and, occasionally, real people out

there bonking away day and night, answering the ancient call of procreation. Sometimes you would think that there is little else going on.

Death, on the other hand—although as universal as sex—is seldom discussed with the same interest. That is, unless it happens to someone while having sex.

I receive e-mails all the time asking my opinion about Marilyn Monroe's death in 1962. Was it suicide or murder? Had Bobby just left when Papa Joe Kennedy helicoptered the death squad in to dispatch her? People love the idea of a good, juicy Hollywood homicide, and the story—like Marilyn's spirit—refuses to die.

My old friend, the late Sam Yorty—the flamboyant mayor of L.A. at the time

grow over the years. There is a kind of continuum, from Thelma Todd's mysterious death after a party at the Trocadero nightclub to Anna Nicole Smith's sad demise in Florida and Farrah Fawcett's long fight with cancer. If you are a Hollywood goddess, if glamour is your game, you'd better watch out because tragedy is waiting for you.

I never thought too much about death in my early years. I was more interested in sex. (In fact, I still am. I would much prefer having a good nooner than spending time contemplating my final reward.) When you are young, death is an intellectual reality. Your mother, father, aunts and uncles are expected to pass on in the normal scheme of things. You know it will happen to you eventually, but you do your best to ignore it while

avoiding moving vehicles and leaning too far over the railing for a foul ball at Dodger Stadium.

But add a few years and you begin to look at death with a bit

I never thought too much about death in my early years. I was more interested in sex. (In fact, I still am. I would much prefer having a good nooner than spending time contemplating my final reward.)

Marilyn died—once told me that there were many things about her death that the public would never know. He hinted strongly that Bobby Kennedy was somehow indirectly involved. Sadly, so many people have claimed over the years to have known Marilyn intimately and to know the truth of her death that the real story is permanently obscured by lies.

Death among the beautiful ones is something I have written about many times. I once made a list of some 20 Hollywood sex symbols or glamour girls who met with early and tragic deaths. The list has continued to

more interest. It's one thing for your relatives to die, but when friends and contemporaries begin stepping up to that final cashier's window, you start taking this thing seriously. The movie reruns may go on, but you won't. The bell isn't tolling for you just yet, but the bell ringer has his hand on the rope.



Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com



Bullshit Detector

It's great to see investigative reporter Greg Palast in your pages again [*Behind Arizona's Immigration Law: GOP Game to Swipe the November Election*, October '10]. I was stunned to learn that the Obama Administration is indirectly responsible for Jan Brewer's governorship. What a bungle!

Brewer's capacity to lie suggests that nothing she does can be taken at face value. She claimed her father died fighting the Nazis, when he never fought in the war and actually died from cancer thanks to exposure to Army chemicals. Then there was her crap about headless bodies in the desert. None found.

Be warned. The GOP mind-fuck machine is warming up fast.

—P.L.

La Cienega, New Mexico

Gia Snapshot

I loved your article on porn photographer Gia Jordan [*Nasty + Sexy = Art*, October '10]. I had the pleasure of meeting Gia several years ago at the Erotica LA expo. Gia took the time to give me some photography tips that I greatly appreciated. That gesture shows the type of person she is. Not only is Gia incredibly talented, she is also such an awesome person that she was willing to take time to help out a complete novice like me.

I am very happy that Gia Jordan is getting the recognition that she truly deserves.

—Lou Stanzione
New York, New York

Beaver Season

I'm always amazed at the great-

looking Beavers you seem to snatch out of nowhere. Some of these real women are absolute turn-ons. I just love slinky Oriental Tia Ling in your October '10 issue, along with librarianlike Happygirl and Mennonite fantasy Mousey.

Keep up the good hunting.

—Bugzie
Wichita, Kansas

Just got my October '10 issue in the mail. Mousey the Beaver is one of the hottest I've ever seen. I've always fantasized about having sex with a Mennonite or Amish woman. No way is she as old as 55. She looks to be in her 30s.

—Joe Avenick
Islamorada, Florida

Red Eye

Hey, just wanted to let you know how much I enjoy HUSTLER and what a great job I think you do. I may not always see eye to eye with you, but you do cause a guy to stop and think.

How about doing an all red-head special edition (if you haven't already)?

Thanks again for the super-sexy ladies and damn good articles. You always bring a smile to my face even when there's not a whole lot to smile about.

—Robert Hester
Bell City, Missouri

Cocktease

Thank you for providing a forum for our suggestions. I am a 39-year-old father of two, but my suggestion is the same as it would be if I were still 14—discovering my dad's stash of Swedish erotica.

I love all the dirty shit in today's smut—the anal DPs, ass-to-mouth, facials—but I would like to see more buildup. Today's porn doesn't set the mood enough with everyday details and some sort of storyline or circumstance to set up the depravity that follows.

I enjoy seeing a little manipulation and intimidation, a bit of



Work for it: October '10 coverbabe Mulani Rivera inspires great feats from her fans.

role-playing where one is the seducer and one is the reluctant, helpless victim with no option but to be at the mercy of the other.

—James Rodriguez
Van Nuys, California

Horsepower

My husband is an avid reader of HUSTLER. I also enjoy it sometimes, but we both enjoyed the photos of Sherry Stang Girl [*Beaver Hunt*, September '10]. We'd both like to see more of her!

My husband is also a die-hard Ford fan and bracket races his '86 Mustang. He says that Sherry should be in a promotional package for Ford Motor Company. If I had her in my bed for one night, I'd gladly buy a new Mustang.

Please show us more Sherry!

—Rosemary Garcia
Kalkaska, Michigan

Souped Down

I loved the girls-and-hot-rods article [*Viva Las Vegas*] in your September '10 issue. You might be interested in the rat rod scene too.

What's a rat rod, you ask? Well, it's like a hot rod for the poor: kind of ratty, but it runs. For example, I had a beat-up '70 Torino

wagon with a 429 engine in it. Rather than restore it, I slapped the 429 into an old '68 Torino convertible. Presto change-o, the rat rod!

Anyway, those hot rod girls in your Vegas article are the type of women who make it good to be alive in the USA!

—Steve Swartz
Grass Valley, California

Ten for Ten

I want to commend you on coverbabe Mulani Rivera [October '10]. She is beyond awesome. That's why HUSTLER is the world's best skin mag. I would drag my nutsac through ten miles of broken glass to taste her pink taco. Mulani is truly a rare beauty.

—Jon S. Michaud
Waterville, Maine

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

ANTHEM BLUE CROSS

WAIT YOUR TURN!

At Anthem Blue Cross we are here to help. If you need medical attention (and have paid your premiums), we'll do everything in our power to make you better...as long as you play by our rules. That's fair, right? Take the case of Ephram Nehme, a grocer from California. He needed a new liver, but there was a long waiting list in that state. This asshole was so afraid of dying, he went to Indiana, where the waiting list was shorter.

Why should we have to pay for Mr. Nehme's new liver? Just because he was smart enough to beat the system? That doesn't seem fair. Had he played by our rules, there was a good chance he would have died and saved us a ton of cash. Our money. Our rules. We decide who lives or dies.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political commentary about how the insurance giant Anthem Blue Cross may be willing to let paying customers die in the pursuit of profits. For more information check out HealthFreedoms.org. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes. © 2010 HUSTLER Magazine. All rights reserved.

He poses as a journalist and a publisher. In reality, Andrew (not so) Breitbart is a right-wing propagandist intent on bringing down the Obama Administration while advancing Republican objectives. Possessing a black belt in lying, this refugee from Hell's Internet will stoop to any trick or act of duplicity. That includes, most certainly, race-baiting.

Breitbart, a keynote speaker at the first National Tea Party Convention and a self-confessed bitch of conservative blogger Matt Drudge, first came to our attention as a result of the ACORN scandal. You remember ACORN, right?

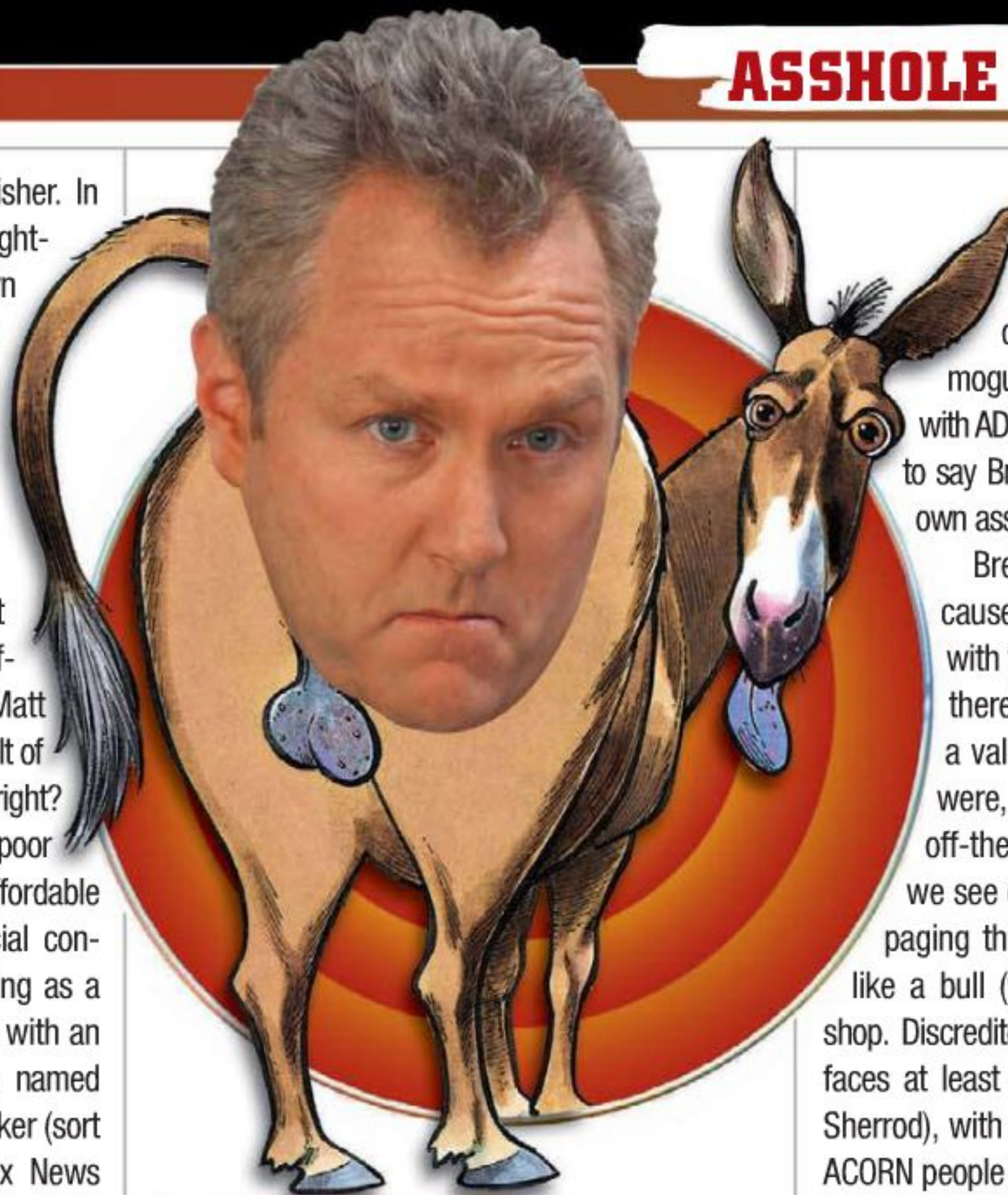
That grassroots organization helped the poor and disenfranchised with healthcare, affordable housing, voter registration and other social concerns. Back in 2009 James O'Keefe posing as a pimp (sort of) visited eight ACORN offices with an undercover camera and an accomplice named Hannah Giles, who played the role of a hooker (sort of). O'Keefe's footage wound up on Fox News Channel, which presented it as proof that ACORN staffers were willing to help individuals set up a prostitution ring. Due to the controversy, ACORN lost funding and eventually closed all of its offices.

One problem with the above: It was all precipitated by lies, largely the result of trick editing. (ACORN has since been exonerated by the U.S. Government Accountability Office and the attorneys general of California and Kings County, New York.) Guess who put O'Keefe up to stinging ACORN? Andrew Breitbart. Because of him, a noble institution went down the tubes.

Shirley Sherrod was the target of a similar sham. Once again, Breitbart in an alleged collaboration with Fox News released a highly doctored tape. This one seemingly revealed a federal employee using her position to discriminate against whites. As with ACORN, that charge has since been proven completely false.

So you must ask yourself: What kind of person is so lacking in morals and ethics that he would ruin a person's life with lies and distortions?

Breitbart, as some refer to him, got his start as



ANDREW BREITBART

a suck-up to Matt Drudge, who also treats the truth as if it were Silly Putty something to be molded any which way you choose. What Breitbart did for Drudge isn't entirely clear because the former protégé refuses to talk about it. We're guessing it had to do with Drudge's laundry and housekeeping. (We wouldn't want to talk about that either.)

Breitbart worked with Drudge for the better part of ten years. Then, with his brain sufficiently addled by Drudge's upside-down, reversed-mirror politics, he parted ways with his mentor. Afraid to go solo, Breitbart coproduced a documentary about the suicide of Clinton Administration appointee Vince Foster. The account was so inept, the History Channel never ran it. Then he coauthored *Hollywood, Interrupted*, a book you can buy on Amazon for \$1.99.

Finally, after an apparent failed interlude with Arianna Huffington, Breitbart found the courage to go it alone. He launched Breitbart.com, then the Web sites Big Hollywood, Big Government and Big Journalism—all, in Breitbart's own words, aimed at

bringing down the "institutional left." Meanwhile, Breitbart.com comes across as an attention deficit disorder schematic. (The Web mogul has reportedly been diagnosed with ADD.) Since the site is successful, it's fair to say Breitbart has, in effect, crawled up his own ass and built a cathedral.

Breitbart thinks he's intelligent because he has a talent for hurting people with falsehoods and half-truths. Too bad there's no test that considers lying to be a valid measure of intelligence. If there were, we admit, Breitbart would be an off-the-charts genius. Since there isn't, we see only a sick and confused ego ram-paging through the media and blogosphere like a bull (with mad cow disease) in a china shop. Discredited by the public at large, Breitbart faces at least one lawsuit for libel (from Shirley Sherrod), with more to follow we suspect. (Those ACORN people are plenty mad.)

Message to Andrew Breitbart: Remember all those teachers and classmates who told you what a pathetic loser you were back in school? The ones you have spent your whole life trying to prove wrong? They were right! You *are* a loser, Andrew. Mrs. Sherrod should have little difficulty in proving malice for what you did. And that could cost you a fortune. That very fragile house of cards you've built may come tumbling down on you and your family.

Like your right-wing minions, you seem to believe the truth is malleable. You cannot say black is white, or up is down, or sweet is sour. Well, you can say it, but you'd be wrong. And when you slander people, there are legal consequences.

You've dug a deep shithole for yourself, Andy boy, and now you'll have to try climbing out of it. Too bad your Republican friends have pulled up the ladder and turned their backs on you. They see the writing on the wall, and by now so should you.

Finally, Mr. Breitbart, here's a lesson on libel law: You, sir, are an Asshole. We can say that without fear of contradiction or legal action because the truth is its own defense.

FARTS IN THE WIND

• **REPRESENTATIVE TOM PRICE** (R-Georgia) is a double stinker. He chairs the Republican Study Committee, which amid the Gulf oil clean-up announced, "BP's reported willingness to go along with the White House's new [\$20-billion escrow] fund suggests that the Obama Administration is hard at work exerting its brand of Chicago-style shakedown politics. These actions are emblematic of a politicization of our economy that has been borne out of this Administration's drive for greater power and control. It is the same mentality that believes an economic crisis or a disaster is the best opportunity to pursue a failed liberal agenda." Speaking of failure, Price later introduced a resolution that attempted to prevent Democrats from passing urgent legislation during a lame-duck session of Congress following the November '10 elections.

• **SHANNON PRICE**, the ex-wife of *Diff'rent Strokes* star Gary Coleman, hasn't endeared herself to the little guy's family, friends and fans. After falling down the stairs at his home, Coleman slipped into a coma and was placed on life-support. Although the actor's will allegedly specified he be kept alive for at least 15 days in that event, Price (no relation to the Dixie congressman) okayed pulling the plug within two days and may not even have had the authority to do so. She also reportedly sold the deathbed photos of Coleman that wound up in an issue of the tabloid magazine *Globe* brandishing the headline "Was It Murder?" Good question. Some speculate that foul play may have been involved, but Price has denied any wrongdoing—perhaps a tough sell considering the couple's stormy relationship. 🌐



"Hey! With all that pussy back there, why you gotta go boring me in the ass?!"

CELEBRITY POKER

As part of HUSTLER Casino's 10th-anniversary celebration, Larry Flynt hosted a celebrity poker tournament. Among those on hand were *Baywatch* beauty Donna D'Errico, model Anna Alvin, comic Andy Kindler, reality star Omarosa and actors Corey Feldman, Thomas Calabro (*Melrose Place*) and Tom Everett Scott.



Thomas Calabro



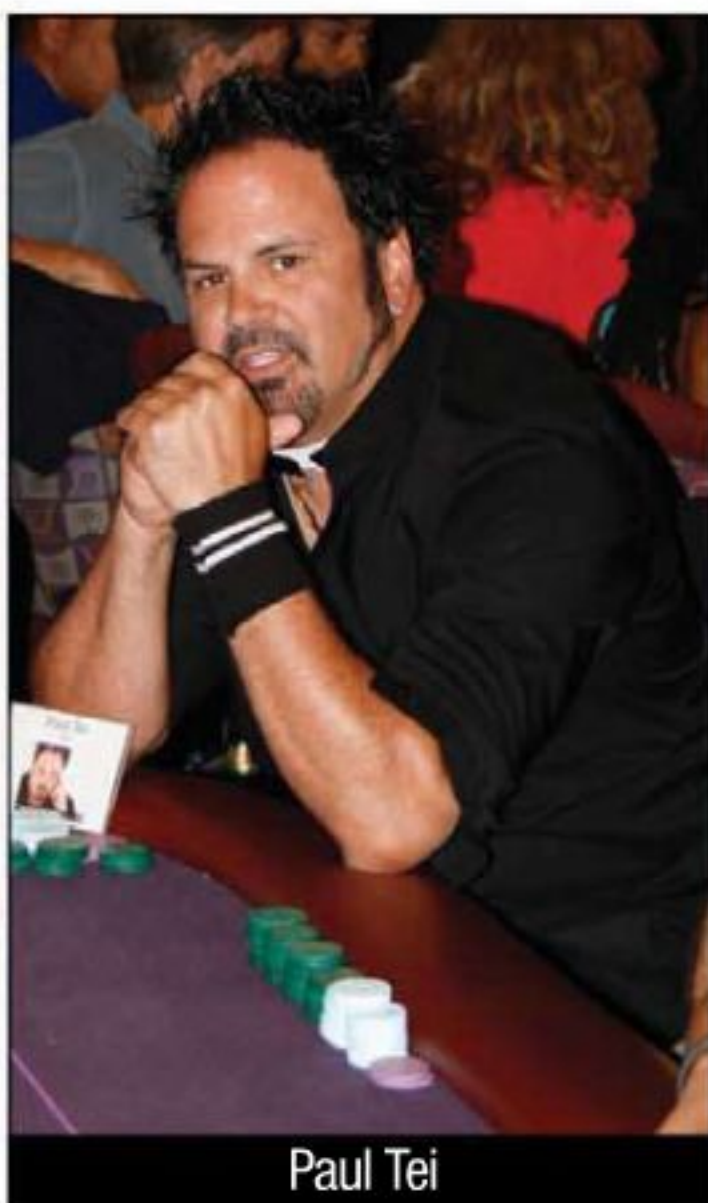
Donna D'Errico



Tom Everett Scott



Anna Alvin doubles down.



Paul Tei



Larry Flynt: The Man With the Hand

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Let's not skate here; there's a big crack in the ice."



PHOTO BY ESTRADA

LARRY FLYNT ROCKS!

Here's our publisher with longtime friend Nikki Sixx. The duo got together recently on the Mötley Crüe mastermind's syndicated radio show, *The Sixx Sense*, to discuss sex, politics and rock 'n' roll. If you missed it, you can get a replay at SixxSense.com.

"Don't have sex, man. It leads to kissing, and pretty soon you have to start talking to them." — STEVE MARTIN, COMIC

WHAT WOULD

"Snooki" Polizzi

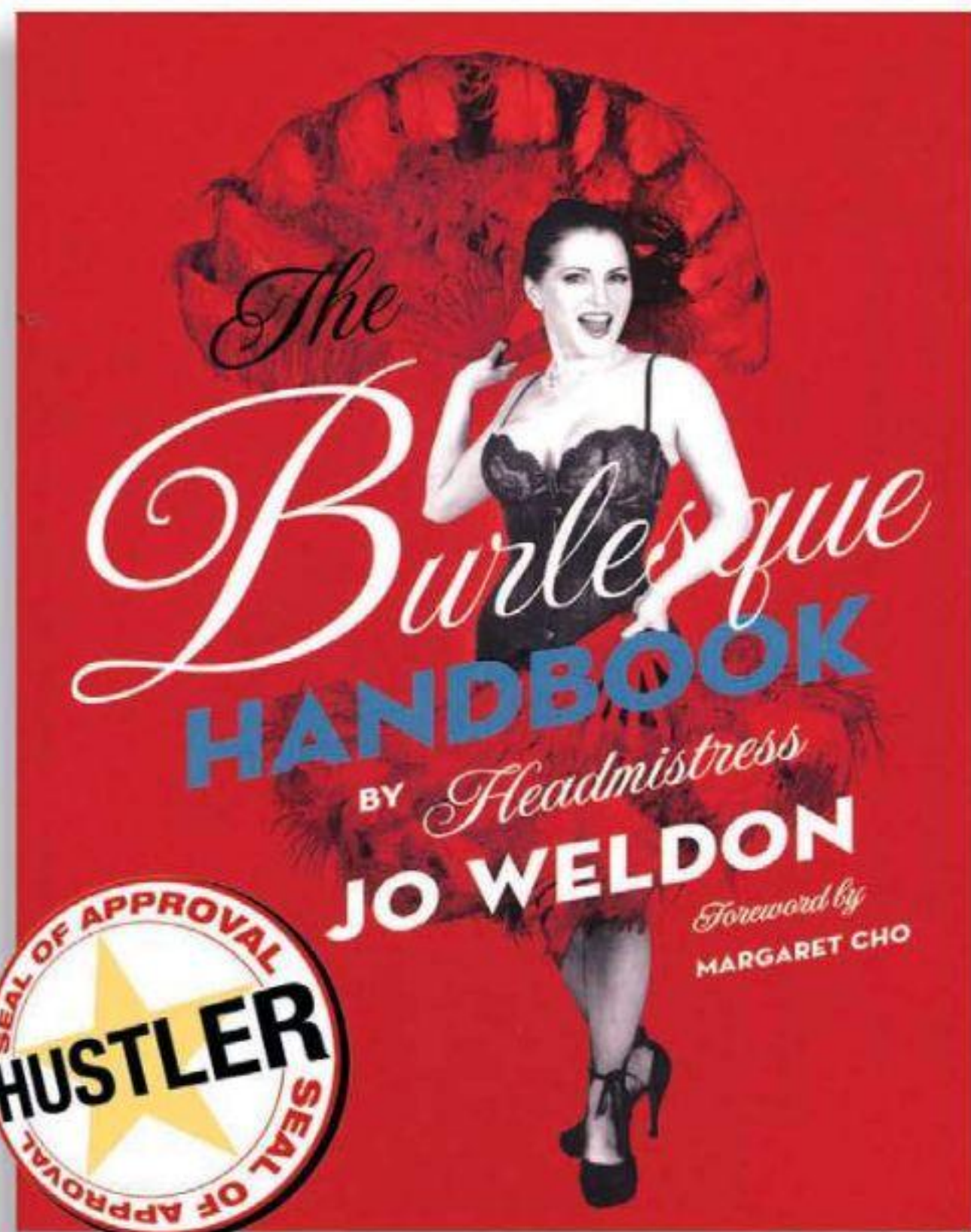
LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Jersey Shore, one of the most popular reality shows in the history of the nonscripted TV format, follows the trials and tribulations of several guidos in the Garden State. The breakout female star is Nicole "Snooki" Polizzi, who never seems to shut up. Until now.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Nicole "Snooki" Polizzi from *Jersey Shore* actually exists, unless Mike "The Situation" Sorrentino has it hidden in his abs—and we're not willing to check there. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



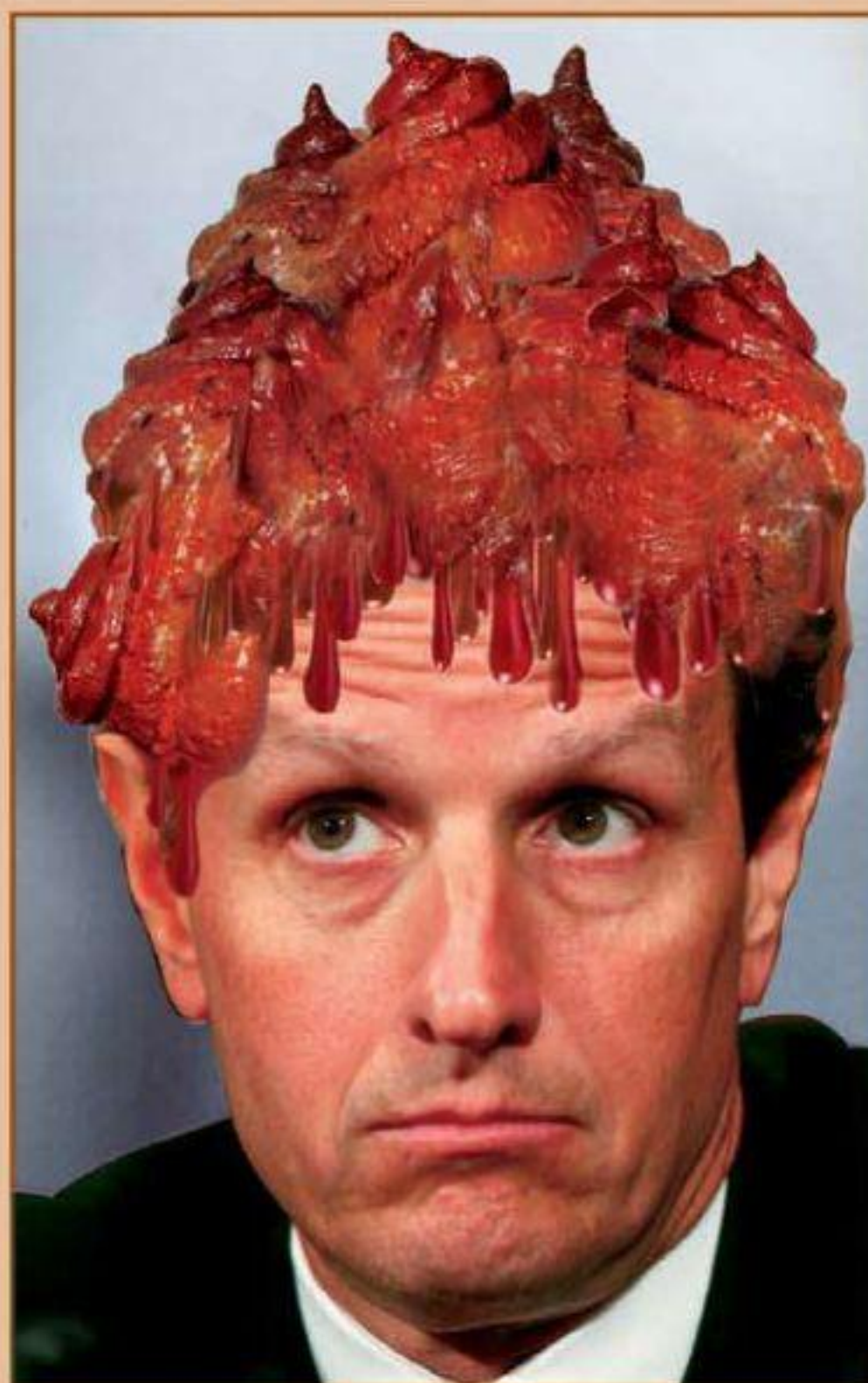
How could we not review a book whose author has such an attention-grabbing nickname? *The Burlesque Handbook* by Jo "Boobs" Weldon is a definitive how-to guide to the art of striptease. In graphic detail the acclaimed G-string diva offers tips for aspiring bump-and-grinders on everything from pasties to the all-important "glove peel." Plus there are sizzling stripper photos galore.

Look for *The Burlesque Handbook* at bookstores now. And don't miss next month's HUSTLER for coverage of the Burlesque Hall of Fame's dazzling reunion.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #11

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

"Welcome to the Recovery," wrote delusional Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner in a recent *New York Times* op-ed piece. "Private job growth has returned. . . American families are saving more, paying down their debt and borrowing more responsibly." Actually, private job growth is stuck, and American families are saving more because they know the economy will get



worse, thanks to you, Timmy. Geithner's fairy tale—published just before the economy lost another 131,000 jobs—essentially insulted Americans by announcing, "Don't believe your own experiences. Believe me." Maybe if the vacuous scumbag would stop throwing money at the rich and sever his blind obedience to the clearly failing, trickle-down economic model of Milton Friedman, his fairy tale would come true. But you can't teach an old dog new tricks. We'll keep "honoring" Geithner with more shit each month until he's fired or resigns.

NEWSBITES

The Wrath of God?

A 62-foot statue known as "Touchdown Jesus" was destroyed by fire recently. The Monroe, Ohio, landmark—which depicted Christ with both his arms uplifted and was valued at \$300,000—was completely incinerated. But the blaze was not the work of angry Satanic arsonists. A lightning bolt struck the symbolic Son of God but missed a nearby structure, Monroe's HUSTLER Hollywood store. Proof positive that God hates football and loves porn.

Shitty Car

The worst part of long road trips is that you have to pull over to use the bathroom. Well, if an inventive guy in Colorado gets his way, those breaks will be a thing of the past. He's designed a twin-bowl toilet car that accommodates two adults, motors at up to 30 mph and holds six rolls of TP. The sleek shitter also features a magazine rack, which we hope will be stocked with HUSTLERs. Some people just know how to drive.

Cheesy Beer Sex

How would you like a beer laced with cheese? You wouldn't? What if we told you the cheesy concoction could help you in the bedroom? Ah, now you're interested. An Austrian brewery has come up with a special beer it claims will enhance the drinker's sexual performance. We have long known that brewskis make us better lovers—or at least allow us to accept the fact that we have to fuck the same pig night after night.

Stolen Dick

Authorities in Germany are hot on the trail of a thief who made off with someone's family jewels recently. We're not talking about diamonds or rubies here, folks. We're talking about an erect penis! Well, a replica of one. The appendage was snapped off the statue of a stone angel that adorned the family grave of fashion guru Wolfgang Joop since 2008. Police are baffled as to where to start searching for the missing member. How about looking for a guy with a rock-hard dick in his pocket? Wait, this may be a more difficult undertaking than we originally thought.

RIDICULOUS RUBBERS

FUCKING SARAH PALIN

Well, golly gee wow, there you go again. Someone has come up with the ultimate tribute to that dumb fuck Sarah Palin: a condom! The political prophylactics are perfect for when you need to "Drill Baby Drill" that hot-as-hell MILF you're dating. Or they can be used to keep the broad's teenage daughter from getting pregnant. Available at ThePalinCondom.com.



SIGN OF THE TIMES



Maybe the folks at BP should learn to read their own signs. Thanks to L.P. of San Francisco for this photo.

When you see a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the pic, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.



Something about this photo makes us want to tickle the ivories. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for a great vintage photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Money, it turned out, was exactly like sex: You thought of nothing else if you didn't have it and thought of other things if you did." — JAMES ARTHUR BALDWIN, PLAYWRIGHT

LINDSAY IN LOCKUP!

While the real Lindsay Lohan was incarcerated, the geniuses at HUSTLER Video released another cutting-edge porn parody. *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Goes to Jail* spoofs the travails of everyone's favorite child star gone wrong. It covers everything from Lindsay's courtroom drama to time in the slammer, where a strip search leads to sex with a

female guard (of course). Check out *Lindsay Goes to Jail* online at HUSTLER.com.



RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY!

Porn stars and bowling. Not since peanut butter and jelly has there been a better combination. Organized by free speech champion Bill Margold, the PAW Foundation's annual "Bare Bowling" fundraiser was once again held in Los Angeles. Fans of the adult biz got to mix and mingle with an array of their favorites, young and old.

Joining burlesque legend Kitten Natividad at the latest installment of topless 7-10 splits were current XXX hotties Sunny Lane, Misty Stone and Naudia Nyce, as well as the ever-present Ron "The Hedgehog" Jeremy.

PAW (Protecting Adult Welfare) is an outreach and advocacy group that strives to make lives better for workers in the adult-entertainment industry.



Sea J Raw, Ron Jeremy, Sunny Lane & Bill Margold



Amy Reyes, James Bartholet & Misty Stone



Naudia Nyce



Kitten Natividad



Erica Lauren



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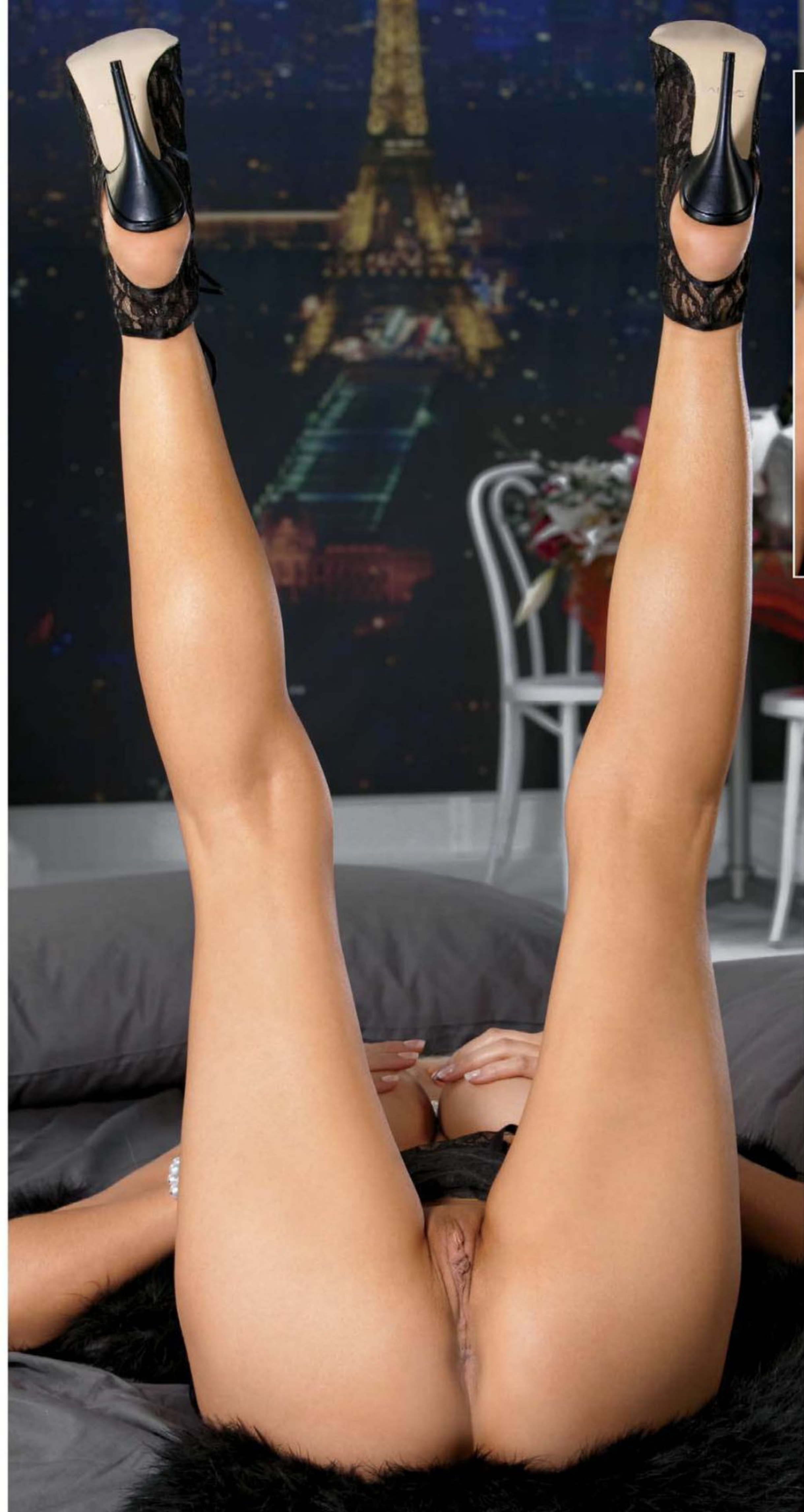


PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



MONICA MAYHEM





Monica Mayhem is a force to be reckoned with in the world of adult entertainment.

What is the secret to her success?

"You really have to be into what you do," the saucy Aussie asserts. "The fans can see through girls who are faking it on film. I have never had a hard time getting off once the cameras start rolling. The trick is to pick the right partner to work with. I only have sex with people I'm attracted to."

Is **Monica** living the dream? "Hell, yeah!" she howls. "I always wanted to be a model and an actress. It was the main reason I first left Australia at the age of 16. I did get sidetracked before getting into porn. I worked in the financial world as a stock trader but found that daily drag so boring. The day after I saw an ad for glamour models in a paper, I decided to follow my dream. Thankfully, that led to very exciting and very naked places. I'm living proof that if you follow your heart and your dreams, you will be truly happy."





What lies ahead for the Down Under sweetie? "I plan to make adult films as long as people want to see me naked,"

Monica purrs. "Then maybe move behind the scenes. I like telling people what to do in the bedroom, so my natural next job may be director. That way I can take full control."



MONICA MAYHEM'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Brisbane, Australia | AGE: 32 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115



Monica Mayhem stars in *Water Sports*, *Monica Mayhem: MILF Trainer* and *More MILFs Please* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



How to Perk Up a Porn Addict

My girlfriend is addicted to porn. Boy/girl, girl/girl, group, anal, oral—she watches it all. All day long.

Every night, I arrive home to find Autumn spread out on our bed, masturbating: a vibrator in one hand, remote in the other, her eyes glued to our huge, wall-mounted TV. The chick is so engrossed in the action onscreen that she barely notices me entering the room. Now don't get me wrong—a beautiful blonde writhing naked on the bed is generally a nice sight to come home to. But I'd been starting to feel like maybe Autumn prefers those DVDs to the real thing. My ego was suffering.

Last night was the last straw. It was Friday, the one night I was practically

assured of getting laid. You know how it is during the week, especially when you're trying to get ahead on the job. You work and eat and sleep, and that's about it. But come Friday after work it's time to unwind, have a few cocktails, stay up late—and fuck. That whole long day I had been looking forward to pushing my dick deep into Autumn's tight, snapping pussy. I was half-hard before I even walked into our bedroom.

My girlfriend was sprawled facedown on the bed, and seeing her gorgeous, round, naked ass cheeks had my prick fully erect in a millisecond. As usual, porn stars were fucking onscreen, and the sound of flesh slapping flesh, accompanied by moaning and groaning, filled the room. I moved closer to find that Autumn was fast asleep, one hand still wrapped around the remote and a black butt plug sticking out of her tiny pink-brown rosebud. I rolled her over. Her twat was filled with a fat purple dick. I tried shaking her a little, but Autumn was dead to the world. She'd fucked herself to sleep.

Great! Friday night, I was horny as hell, and my girl had jilled herself to exhaustion. Fuck this!

Suddenly an idea struck me like a lightning bolt. I didn't know why I hadn't thought of it before. With Autumn liking porn so goddamn much, it only made sense to make

some of our own. My mind started racing. Digging through the hall closet, I found an old camera, tripod and lights from my college film major days and set everything up in the bedroom. Then I stripped naked and hit record.

I started jacking that jelly prick in and out of Autumn's conch. Her eyelids fluttered open, but at first she looked annoyed. In fact, she was slapping my hand away from her fake cock until she caught sight of the camera and stopped. Sleeping Beauty went from irked to aroused in a heartbeat. Her tongue flicked out to lick her lips. Her eyes lit up. Her whole face became animated.

"You're filming me—us?" Autumn gasped. I nodded, watching her inner porn star take over. In an instant I was flat on my back, and Autumn was riding me. Playing to the camera, she fucked me with long strokes. Her cunt slid all the way up to my ridge cap, then slammed down to my nut-sac. Over and over. She was arching her back, squeezing her fine tatas, pinching and tugging on her tit buds.

I hoped like hell I had the lens angled to catch all of the action, because I was starting to get off on being an exhibitionist more than I could ever have imagined. Bucking my hips, I jammed my dick deep into Autumn's snatch and spanked her ass a few times for good measure. My girl went wild. Her pussy juiced like a fuckin' waterfall. It took everything I had not to come quite yet when her twat muscles squeezed the base of my cock.

I wanted the camera to catch the money shot. So I waited till she was lapping my shaft clean before letting loose with an awesome jizz facial. Creamy spunk dripping from her forehead, nose and chin, Autumn looked up at me with a huge smile and said, "Come on. Let's do it again." The sex didn't end till the camera battery died.

That was last night. Today I came home from my regular Saturday golf game to find Autumn spread out on our bed, masturbating: a vibrator in one hand, remote in the other, her eyes glued to our huge, wall-mounted TV—and an image of us fucking onscreen. Much better.

—R.T.

Las Vegas, Nevada



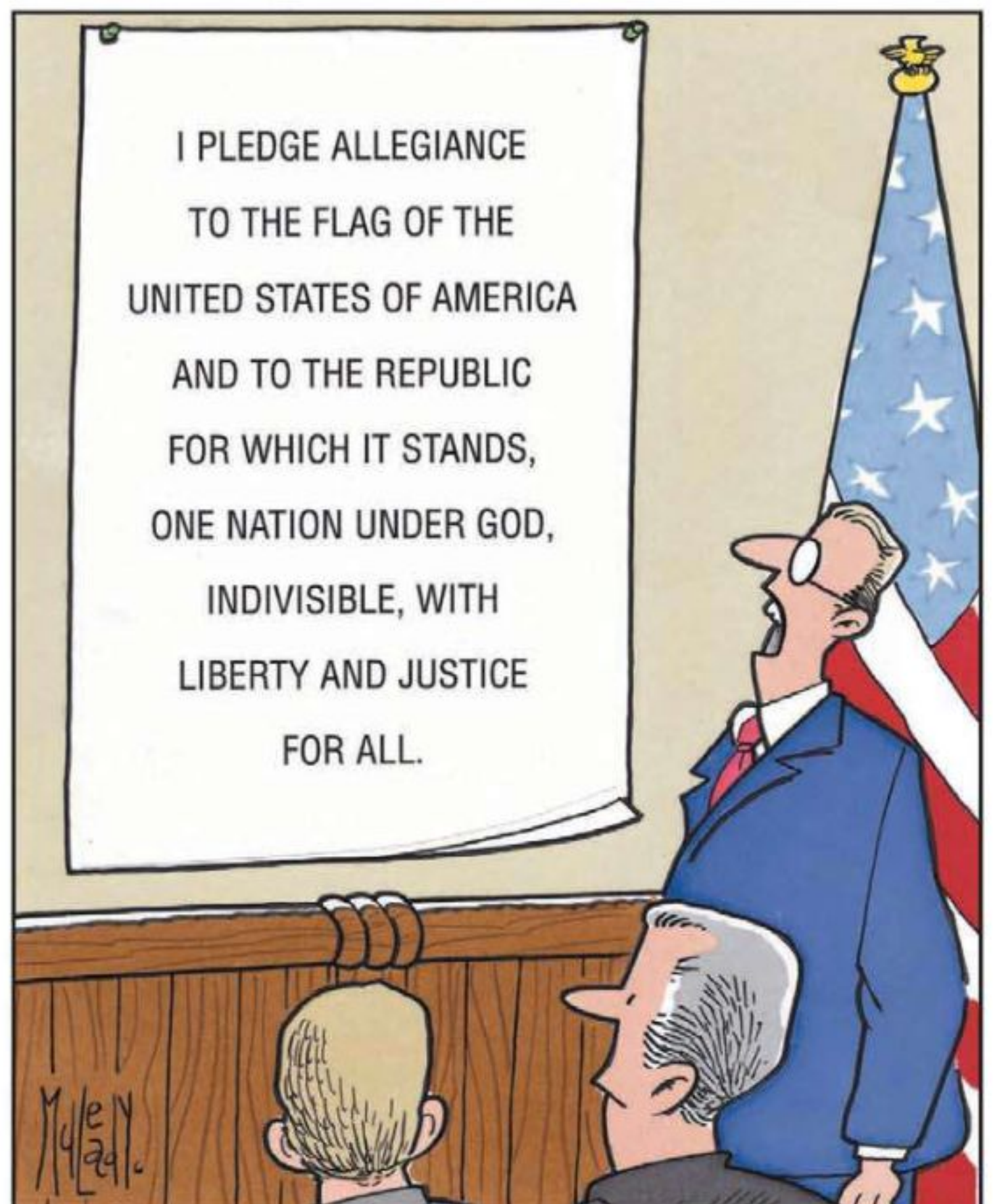
Send your personal sexperiences to **HUSTLER Hot Letters**, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. 📧



"Don't lie to me; you've been down at the wharf blowing sailors again, haven't you?"



"Okay, folks, fun is fun, but I insist we leave right now!"



"Instead of 'Under God,' I say we delete 'indivisible,' 'cause who the fuck knows what *that* means?!"

BY JATINDER DHOOOT

TITTO



THE ULTIMAT

PHOTO BY ZUFFA LLC/GETTY IMAGES

ORTIZ

ONE OF THE BIGGEST
NAMES IN MIXED
MARTIAL ARTS
MEANS BUSINESS
INSIDE AND
OUTSIDE THE
OCTAGON.

YOU CAN ASSEMBLE A WIDE ARRAY OF ADJECTIVES TO DESCRIBE TITO ORTIZ. MMA students call him an incredible coach; in business some say he's tough and stubborn; training partners claim he's one of the hardest workers they know; past opponents characterize him as a cocky agitator. Porn superstar Jenna Jameson has praised Ortiz as an ultradevoted and loving father of their twin boys.

The Mexican-American pugilist grew up in a chaotic California environment with heroin-addict parents. Sheltered at times in motel rooms and other people's residences, he began imitating those around him, experimenting with drugs before reaching the sixth grade.

"I had done every drug there was to do except heroin," Ortiz recalls in his book *This Is Gonna Hurt*. "I would never do heroin because I saw how it had destroyed my parents' lives, and I didn't want to go down that road." But pot, acid and mushrooms were all game for Ortiz.

"I was a drug dealer for a time, selling marijuana, cocaine and methamphetamine in order to survive," Ortiz admits. He was also a gang member, but when one of his childhood friends was slain, he decided it was time to bail out.

Looking for a place to channel his energy, Ortiz took a shot at amateur wrestling. He finished fourth in California's high school championships

E BAD BOY?

as a senior, then went on to win two state junior college championships for Golden West College.

The young grappler's skills were sought out by Huntington Beach fighter David "Tank" Abbott, who used Ortiz to train for Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC) bouts. Ortiz himself decided to take a crack at fighting during the spring of 1997. It was an impressive debut: The newcomer hammered his opponent with strikes, finishing him off in 31 seconds. Ortiz was doing well in his next bout against cage veteran Guy Mezger until making a rookie mistake that got him tapped out with a choke hold.

Racking up several solid wins, Ortiz was clearly a special talent. But his brash and cocky persona made him a very polarizing figure. Even so, he went on to win the UFC Light-Heavyweight Championship in 2000 and ultimately defended it five times. As a result, Tito Ortiz became the face of the UFC.

Ortiz is also a shrewd businessman. Thanks to relentless promotion, his Punishment Athletics equipment and clothing line has become a major brand.

Ortiz's business savvy even landed him a spot on *The Apprentice*. Donald Trump was so impressed that when Ortiz was finally bounced from the TV show, the billionaire host announced: "Tito, you're fired! But I will tell you, you are really special. I think you're so incredible that personally, out of my own account, I'm going to give you \$50,000 for St. Jude [Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee]. But I would want you to do things beyond the fighting because, boy, you have talent."

It was inevitable that Ortiz's business acumen, self-promotion and boardroom smarts conflicted with UFC President Dana White. Their very public corporate feud almost resulted in a three-round boxing match. "I don't want to be 45 years old competing in the UFC," Ortiz bristled at a press conference following his final contracted UFC bout. "I don't want to be doing this for a 20-year span. [I'm not going to] murder myself trying to make a million."

While Ortiz and White had some monumental issues to resolve, the two men eventually reconciled and partnered because it was good business. Ortiz was still one of the largest commodities in MMA, and the UFC was the biggest organization in the game. Now back in the UFC, Ortiz recently finished

Ortiz and Jenna Jameson



PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

up a stint as coach on *The Ultimate Fighter* reality series.

Aside from generating headlines in the Octagon, Ortiz made news in 2006 when he

and Jenna Jameson forged a bond via MySpace. It started with a "friend request" from the adult actress that led to a phone number exchange. The couple's puppy love

blossomed into a full-fledged relationship, not a publicity stunt or fling. Ortiz was more than willing to take the heat for being romantically linked to a high-profile porn star.

One of his challenges was the numerous sexual advances thrown at Jameson by regular folk and celebrities alike. However, Ortiz's MMA credentials calmed down a lot of hormones, including those of illusionist Criss Angel. Recalling a night she was out by herself, Jameson explained that Angel "came up and started hitting on me. He was like 'Hey, baby, want to go for a ride in my Lamborghini?' Later that night he found out that I was dating Tito, and he came over to me and apologized."

As the couple's relationship grew stronger, Ortiz insisted Jameson quit performing in adult films. The two settled in together, and in March 2009 Jameson became a mom. Jesse Jameson Ortiz and Journey Jett Ortiz seemed to have become the glue for household bliss.

Then in April 2010 it appeared the couple's rosy relationship was spiraling out of control. Ortiz was arrested for suspicion of domestic violence. Once released from custody, the fighter denied that he'd assaulted Jameson and, via his attorney, claimed that she was addicted to Oxycontin.

Porn actor Ron Jeremy had this to say about the flack: "They're both good guys in my book. I've hung out with them both at the Playboy Mansion. I believe that they probably just got a little carried away and want to go back to normalcy." Apparently, Jeremy was correct. Jameson and Ortiz reportedly recanted their allegations a short time later, and charges against the fighter were eventually dismissed.

The big argument confronting many of Ortiz's faithful followers has nothing to do with his personal problems. It's about whether the "Huntington Beach Bad Boy" can reach the heights he ascended two years ago by reclaiming the UFC light-heavyweight belt. The 205-pound fighter competes in a talent-laden division composed of very hungry competitors. That's a big mountain to climb.

Ortiz's future role in MMA most likely will not be King of the Hill, but he will probably remain relevant and successful by either finding his niche or carving out a new one. In any evolve-or-die scenario, Ortiz perennially refuses to die.

Jatinder Dhoot is a Canadian-based journalist who has written extensively on mixed martial arts. The resident of Toronto hosts a radio show devoted to the sport, runs **TheMMAdigest.com** and operates his two clothing lines, MMA Cult and Desi Fighter Apparel.



"I guess he's allowed whatever kind of blindfold he wants."



"Actually, after years in the business I didn't think I'd be interested in an entry-level position."

ROYCE GRACIE

KICKING ASS!

MEET THE
ULTIMATE
FIGHTING
CHAMPIONSHIP'S
MOST STORIED
WARRIOR.



UFC HALL OF FAMER ROYCE GRACIE will long be idolized as an unstoppable fighting machine. Raised to win, he is the son of Hélio Gracie and nephew of Carlos Gracie, the legendary innovators of Brazilian jiu-jitsu. Royce earned his blue belt in the martial arts discipline at the tender age of 16 and later moved from Rio de Janeiro to California at the urging of his brother Rorion Gracie. Royce went on to represent the family in the "Gracie Challenge"—an open invitational challenge where any boxer, wrestler or martial artist could engage Royce in a no-holds-barred, no-time-limit battle. This eventually transformed into what is now known as the wildly popular Ultimate Fighting Championship. Royce remains the promotion's most victorious combatant and is said to be worth millions. The man, myth and legend stopped by HUSTLER for an exclusive chat about his brilliant career, autographing babies and his kickass action figure.

HUSTLER: How does it feel to have your own action figure?

ROYCE GRACIE: That I made it! That now my kids know who I am. Before now they knew that I teach Gracie Jiu-Jitsu and that I travel all

over the world to prepare for fights and that I'm on TV fighting. But for them, none of that is a big deal. My two oldest are starting to realize a little bit who Dad is. But to the younger ones, I'm still just Dad. Having an action figure changes that. It makes me a superhero in my own house. *(Laughs.)*

Are the proportions right?

I'm very happy. I told the guy designing it to add a little muscle, and he did.

A lot of people credit you and your brother Rorion as the pioneers of mixed martial arts. Do you agree with them?

In America, yes. But to the world, my father [Hélio Gracie] is the one who started the whole thing. He is the one who opened doors for the entire family. I'm just a vehicle of my father's work. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. Rorion is the one who set up the very first UFC event in November 1993, and I was chosen to represent the family. I was the chosen one, let's say.

How young were you when you started martial arts training?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

With my family, as soon as you start walking, you start fighting. To my kids at home, getting in a fight is no big deal. Training in jiu-jitsu—kicking, punching and grappling while rolling around in a gi—is natural. We have mats at home. That's how my brothers and I grew up with my father. It's the same way with my kids.

What do you think you'd be doing now if you hadn't gotten into martial arts?

I am patient, and I am stubborn. So anything I would have done I would be the best. I have that kind of conviction and that kind of discipline to go ahead and do it. Anything. You tell me what is impossible, and I will prove you wrong.

Along those lines, you're known for bringing down much bigger guys. What's the trick?

First, you have to know what to do. If you don't know how to fight, then you have no business inside the Octagon. Second [is] endurance. You can have a very fast car sitting in your front yard, but if you don't have gas, you're not going anywhere. Power comes third. The secret is to use those three things in that sequence. You've got to know what you're doing, have a lot of endurance and then use power. You can't just use power against somebody bigger and stronger than you. Like my father always said: "Give me the right leverage, and I'll lift the world." It's as simple as that.

Let's go back to your fighting days. What goes through your head right before a bout?

Nothing. I'm usually asleep. An hour before the fight I'm sleeping in the locker room with the lights off. My brother has to come over and touch me very nicely. He whispers to me, "Brother, can you please wake up? Can you get up please? We have a fight to do." He wakes me up, they turn the lights on, I stretch and say, "All right, what do you guys want me to do? Point me in the right direction."

Where does that calm come from?

Knowing what to do. It all becomes about knowledge. Like speaking a language. If you speak Portuguese, you'll go to Brazil and be very comfortable. If you don't, you'll be confused and get in trouble. The calmness comes from the training. At training camp you win the fight—long before the day of the fight. The right strategy is a science.

So what percentage is preparation when it comes to winning?

It's 100%. You've got to be ready to peak

one day of the year. You can't overtrain or undertrain.

What do you consider your greatest fight?

My greatest fight is raising my four kids. (Laughs.)

How about inside the Octagon?

Oh, man, I'd say the first UFC event. Three fights in one night with no gloves and no weight division. No time limits. Nobody knew what was going to happen. The second UFC [tournament] was great also. Not just one fight, but four fights in one night. Again no gloves, no weight division or time limit. No rules. Everything goes. The only thing that wasn't allowed was eye-gouging.

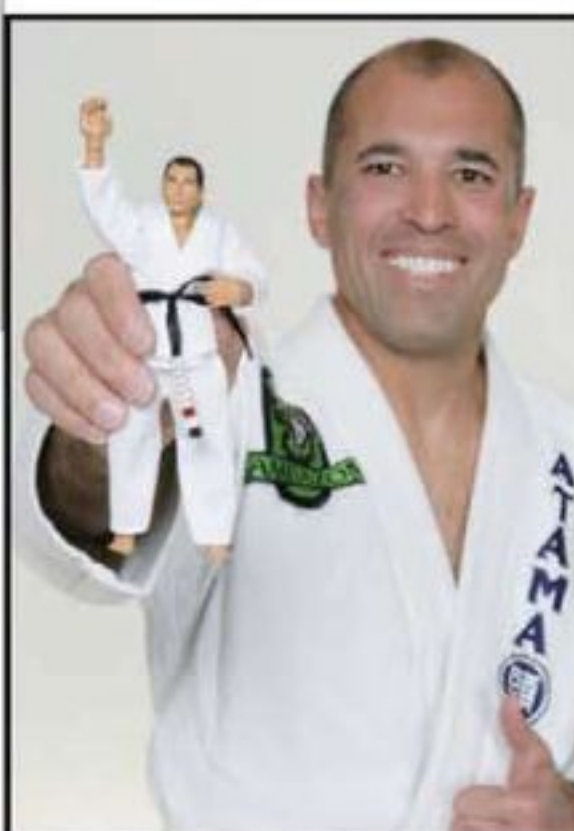
A 16-man tournament and nobody knew what was going to happen. I was confident and knew what to do, but the question was "Could I last that long? Four fights? What if I got cut on the first fight?" Also, fighting Sakuraba [a Japanese MMA competitor] for

an hour and 45 minutes. Fighting Akebono [a Hawaiian sumo wrestler], who was 6 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 490 pounds. That was great, being able to beat such a guy. I've had some tough fights. I think my name is printed in the UFC history books in big gold letters. It's hard to pick just one fight.

Have you ever had an easy fight?

Akebono! On the way to the staging of the event I turned to my corner team and said, "I can beat him in under five minutes." My brother Rorion slapped me on the back of the head and said, "Don't put time on it!" Psychologically he was saying if I put a time on it, and I didn't beat him in the five minutes, I would fall apart. When my brother looked the other way, I whispered to my crew again, "I'm sure I'm going to beat Akebono in under five minutes." Turned out it was under three minutes actually.

Was there anyone you didn't want to fight?



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ROYCE GRACIE

No. That's why people and the other fighters respected me. The promoters never had a problem with me. I never chose my opponents. I never set any rules. Didn't matter how big, fast or strong the guy was. They would switch opponents at the last minute, and even though it would mess with my strategy, I still fought. Let's do it! I didn't back down. I've never backed down from a fight.

What's the worst injury you ever sustained?

Oh, man, I had my heart broken once by this girl. Took me a long time to recover. (Laughs.) Instead of asking me a general question, get specific. (Laughs.)

What was your worst injury inside the Octagon?

From fighting Sakuraba I got a partial tear in the ligament and tendon of my foot with a crack on the shin from a kick. So we had to throw the towel in on that fight. I sat down after six rounds of 16 and told my corner guys, "I can get up, but I can't walk anymore. My foot is done. Tell me what to do." By coincidence, my wife is a podiatrist—a foot and ankle specialist—so it all worked out.

Have you ever had to fight a drunk guy in public who wanted to prove you're not that tough?

I never had a fight on the street, but I would never walk away from one either. I know how to place and position myself so the stuff doesn't happen. But guys have come up to me looking to fight, and I cut the distance fast. They know from my tone of voice and the way that I shut down that I mean business. They either back down or they're going to lose their teeth. People feel it. My face shuts down, and you can read on my forehead: "Don't F with me!" It's written in bold, with blinking lights going around.

What do you think about big-screen tough guys like Steven Seagal and Jean-Claude Van Damme?

They are martial artists, not fighters. There's a difference. I think it's good. People like martial arts movies. Look at Jackie Chan. I'm a big fan of Jackie Chan. My kids love him, but he's not a fighter. He's a martial artist and an entertainer.



Do you have any desire to go into acting?

Yes and no. I would like to do it, but at the same time I'm not an actor. There has to be a role where I can play myself. I can't act, man. Come on!

Are there UFC groupies and crazy fans?

Yeah, there are, but most of the time when fans come up to me—both guys and girls too—they get scared. I have such a presence that they say, "I have so many questions, but I can't think of one right now. Wow, it's really you!" Yeah, I'm human and not that big.

The craziest thing I can think of is when I was teaching a seminar in Australia, and this guy comes over during the break asking if I can sign something for his wife. The wife walks over, and she's carrying a baby. I think, *He's going to ask me to sign the baby!* (Laughs.) He turns to his wife and says, "Honey, give me the baby." I'm thinking, *Should I sign their baby?* Then the wife turns around and pulls her pants down for me to sign her panties. I thought, *Are you kidding me?* I look at the husband, and he's like, "No, man. It's okay. Go ahead." I didn't touch her, of course. I just signed my name. At least I didn't have to sign the baby. (Laughs.)

w i l l s h e ?TM



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HALEY CUMMINGS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Easy to love? “My pussy is always wet, juicy and ready for action,” **Haley** avows. “It’s funny. I actually went to a doctor once thinking there was a problem. He said that I was lucky to be so well lubricated. That made me wetter, and I almost fucked him right in the examination room. But the nurse came in. A shame, really.”

Easy to get? “If you’re into having sex with me, just say the word,” **Haley** advises.

“Seriously, a lot of guys get intimidated by me because I’m a blonde with big boobs. Confidence is a huge turn-on for me. Just ask me out, and there’s a good chance I’ll probably say yes. I guess you could say I’m kind of easy.”

Easily one of our favorite models ever? “I know girls like to say they’re willing to try anything, but I really am,” **Haley** insists. “Like I said, I get wet very easily, so I’m always ready to get it on. Sex in a bed is fine, but I like a guy to be more creative. Glass elevators and clothing store changing rooms are much more exciting. As is a good screw in a public park. Think outside the box, and you can get in mine.”











Haley Cummings gets turned on in *HUSTLER's Busty Beauties: The A-List #5* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.





HALEY CUMMINGS'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Deltona, Florida | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115





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Parody by Aaron Warner

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UNEMPLOYMENT CHECK TO PAY FOR A *MOVIE*.
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WHEN HE WAS PROMISING
SO MUCH *CHANGE*.

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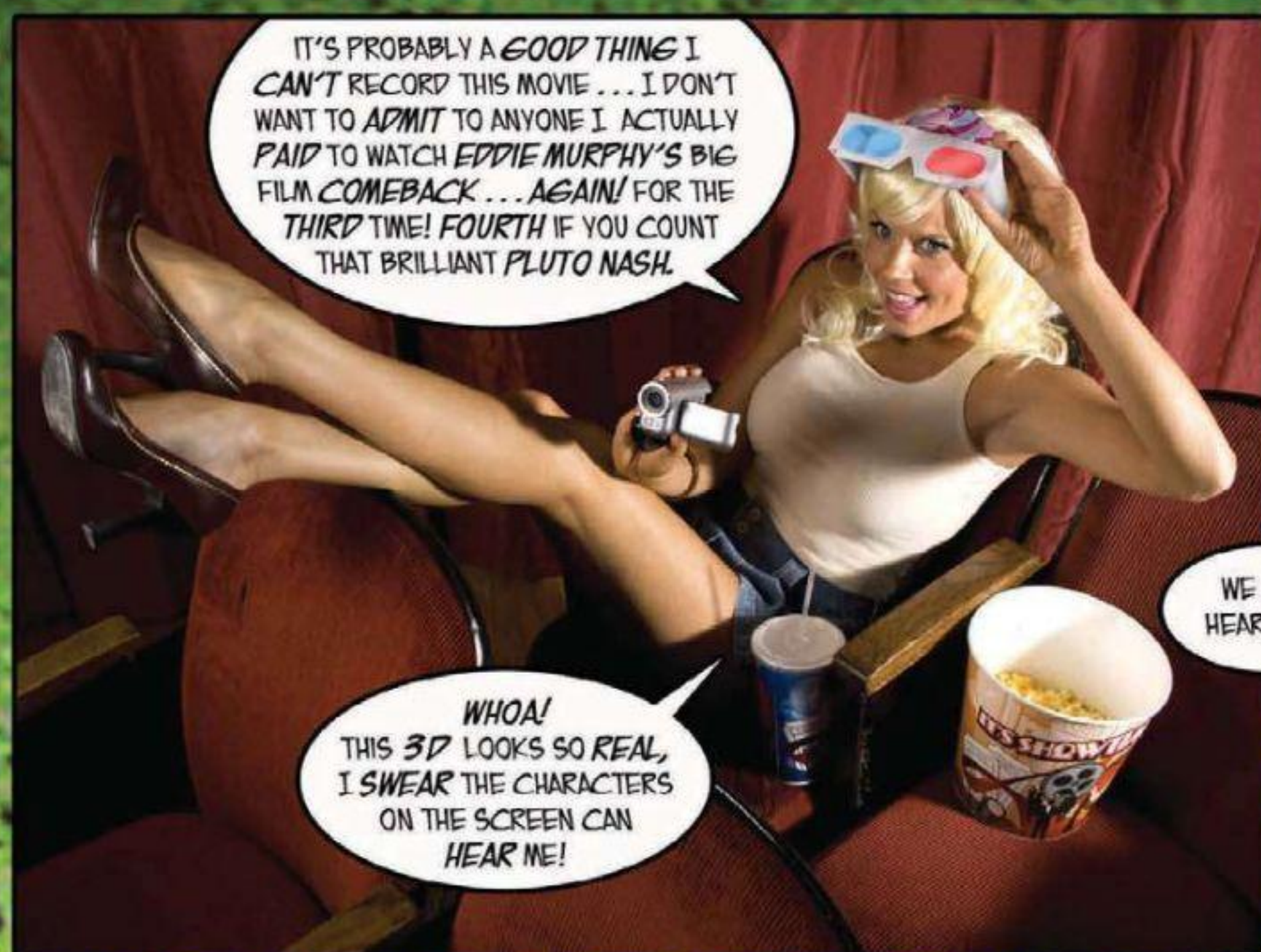
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PAY FOR THINGS I *REALLY* NEED!
LIKE MY \$400 *CELL PHONE*
BILL, *SPINNING RIMS* FOR MY
CAR AND MY *SAM'S CLUB*
MEMBERSHIP.

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* I PAY TO
SHOP IN A *STORE*! I WISH I COULD
PAY FOR A CHANCE TO SPEND MONEY
EVERYWHERE I SHOPPED, THEN I COULD
BE *COMPLETELY CRAZY*, NOT JUST
FUCKIN' STUPID LIKE MILLIONS OF
OTHER *SAM'S CLUB* "*MEMBERS*."

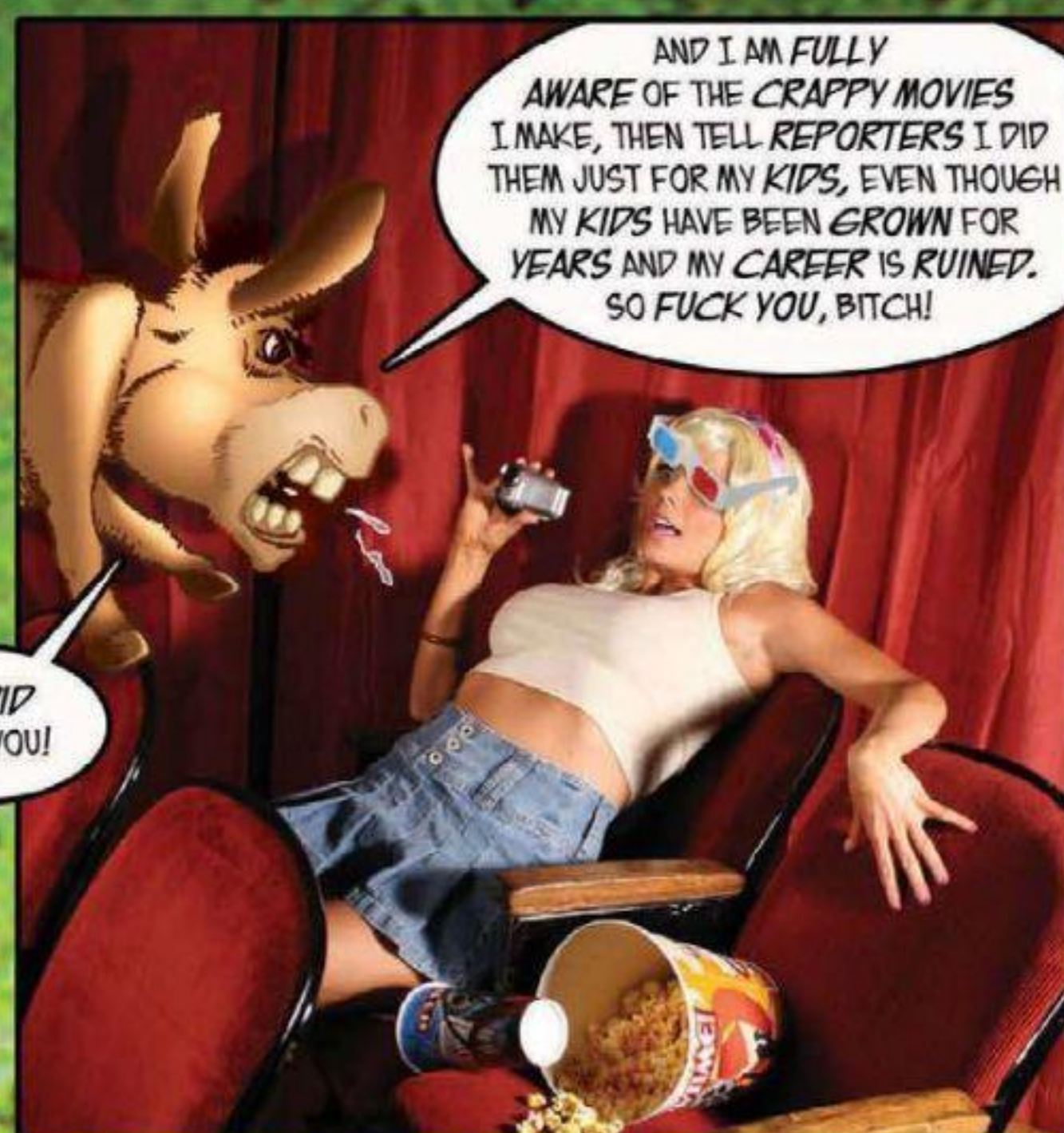
OH, *SHIT!*
THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE
3D MOVIES! THE *ONLY* REASON
HOLLYWOOD KEEPS *MAKING* MOVIES IN
3D IS SO *BOOTLEGGERS* LIKE *ME*
CAN'T *COPY* THEM. I WISH *JAMES*
CAMERON NEVER INVENTED
3D!



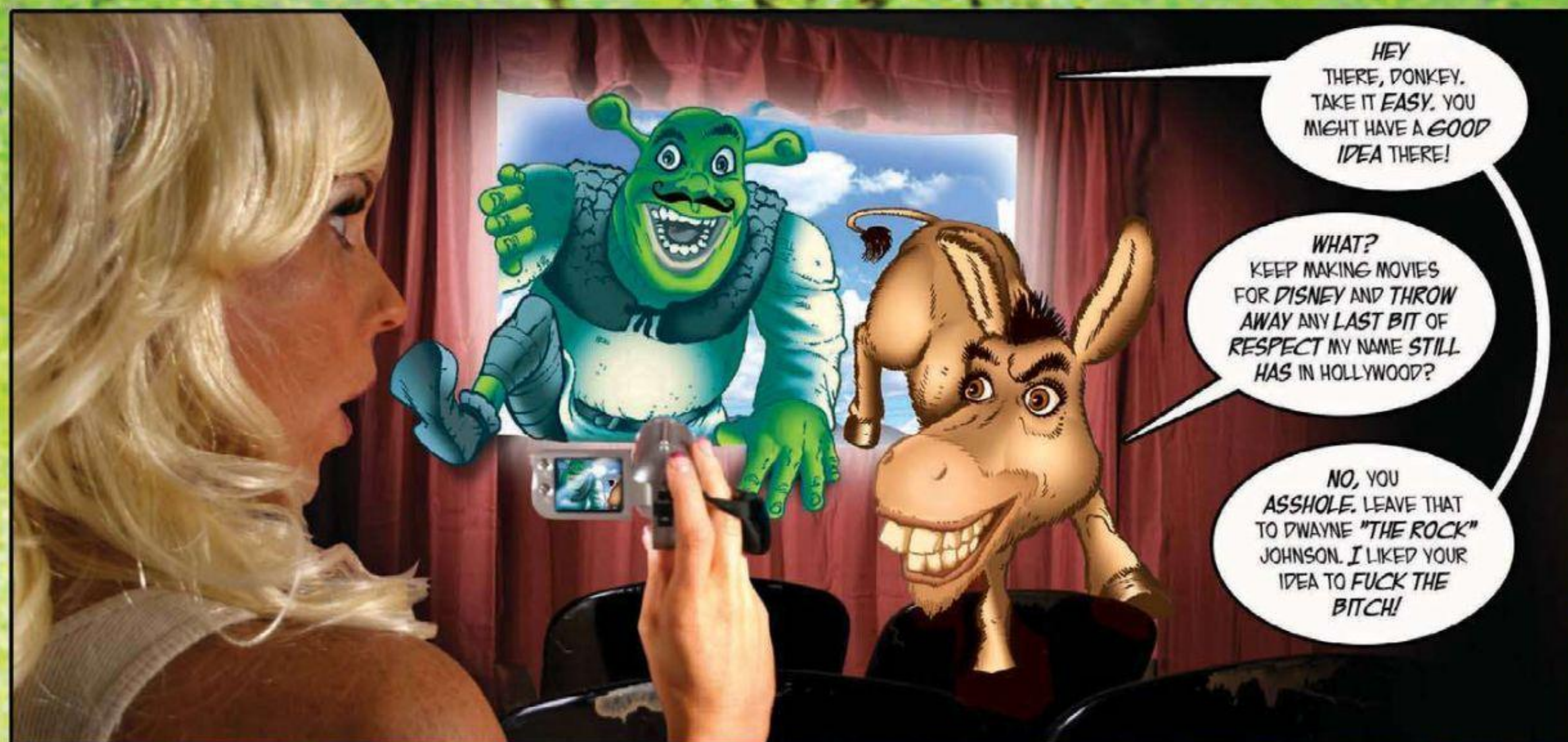
IT'S PROBABLY A *GOOD* THING I CAN'T RECORD THIS MOVIE ... I DON'T WANT TO ADMIT TO ANYONE I ACTUALLY PAID TO WATCH EDDIE MURPHY'S BIG FILM COMEBACK ... AGAIN! FOR THE THIRD TIME! FOURTH IF YOU COUNT THAT BRILLIANT PLUTO NASH.

WHOA! THIS 3D LOOKS SO REAL, I SWEAR THE CHARACTERS ON THE SCREEN CAN HEAR ME!

WE DID HEAR YOU!



AND I AM FULLY AWARE OF THE CRAPPY MOVIES I MAKE, THEN TELL REPORTERS I DID THEM JUST FOR MY KIDS, EVEN THOUGH MY KIDS HAVE BEEN GROWN FOR YEARS AND MY CAREER IS RUINED. SO FUCK YOU, BITCH!



HEY THERE, DONKEY. TAKE IT EASY. YOU MIGHT HAVE A *GOOD* IDEA THERE!

WHAT? KEEP MAKING MOVIES FOR DISNEY AND THROW AWAY ANY LAST BIT OF RESPECT MY NAME STILL HAS IN HOLLYWOOD?

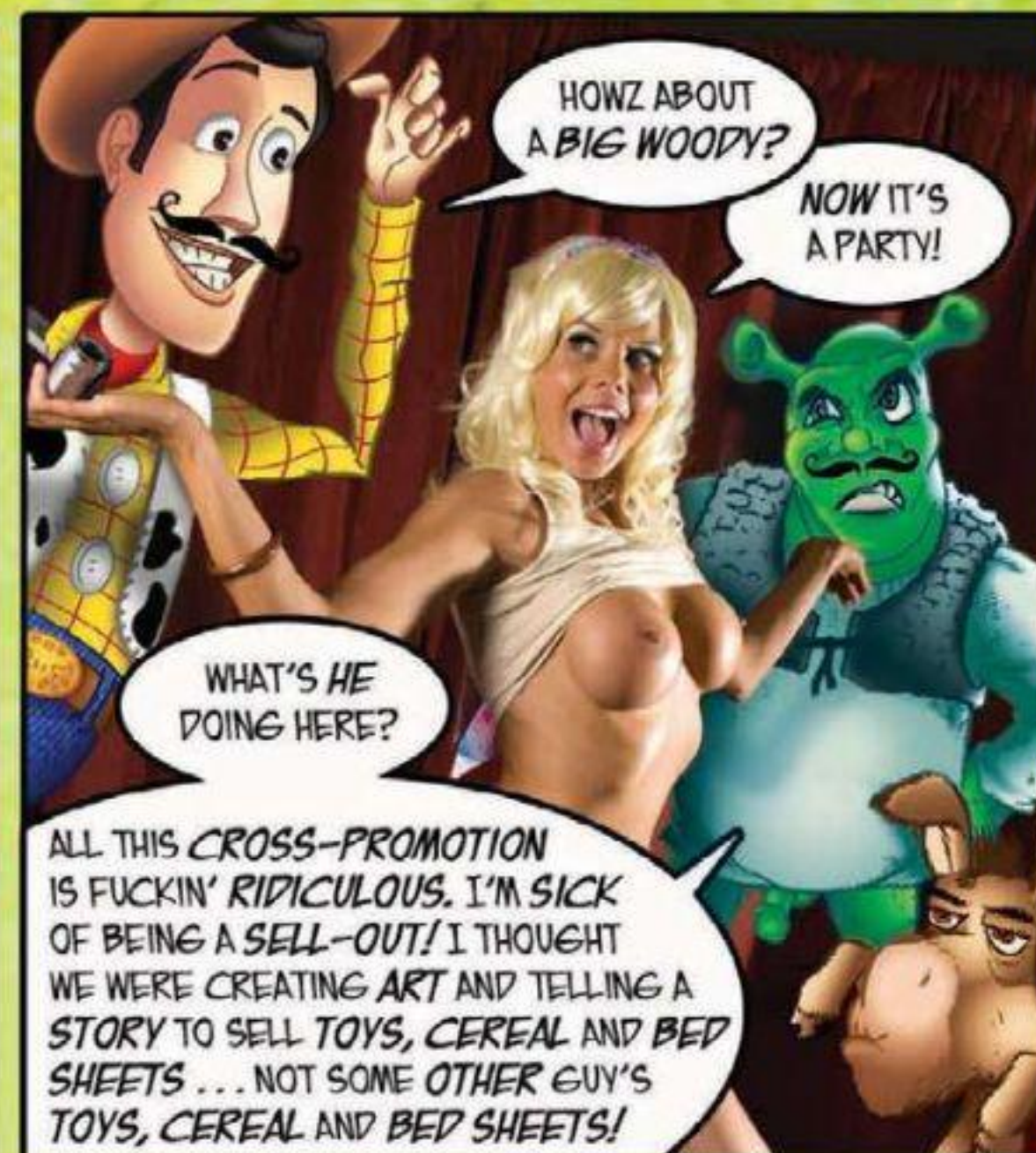
NO, YOU ASSHOLE. LEAVE THAT TO DWAYNE "THE ROCK" JOHNSON. I LIKED YOUR IDEA TO FUCK THE BITCH!



RELAX, SWEETIE, YOU WON'T NEED YOUR 3D GLASSES TO SEE ME COMIN' AT YA!

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS. I MAY BE HERE ALL BY MYSELF AND AS LONELY AS TODD BRIDGES AT A DIFF'RENT STROKES REUNION, BUT I DO HAVE MY DIGNITY.

I'M NOT LIKE JENNIFER ANISTON HANDING OUT A FREE FUCK-PASS TO ANY CELEBRITY I MEET! YOU'RE AN OGRE, AND YOU'RE A DONKEY. IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO GET IN MY PANTS.

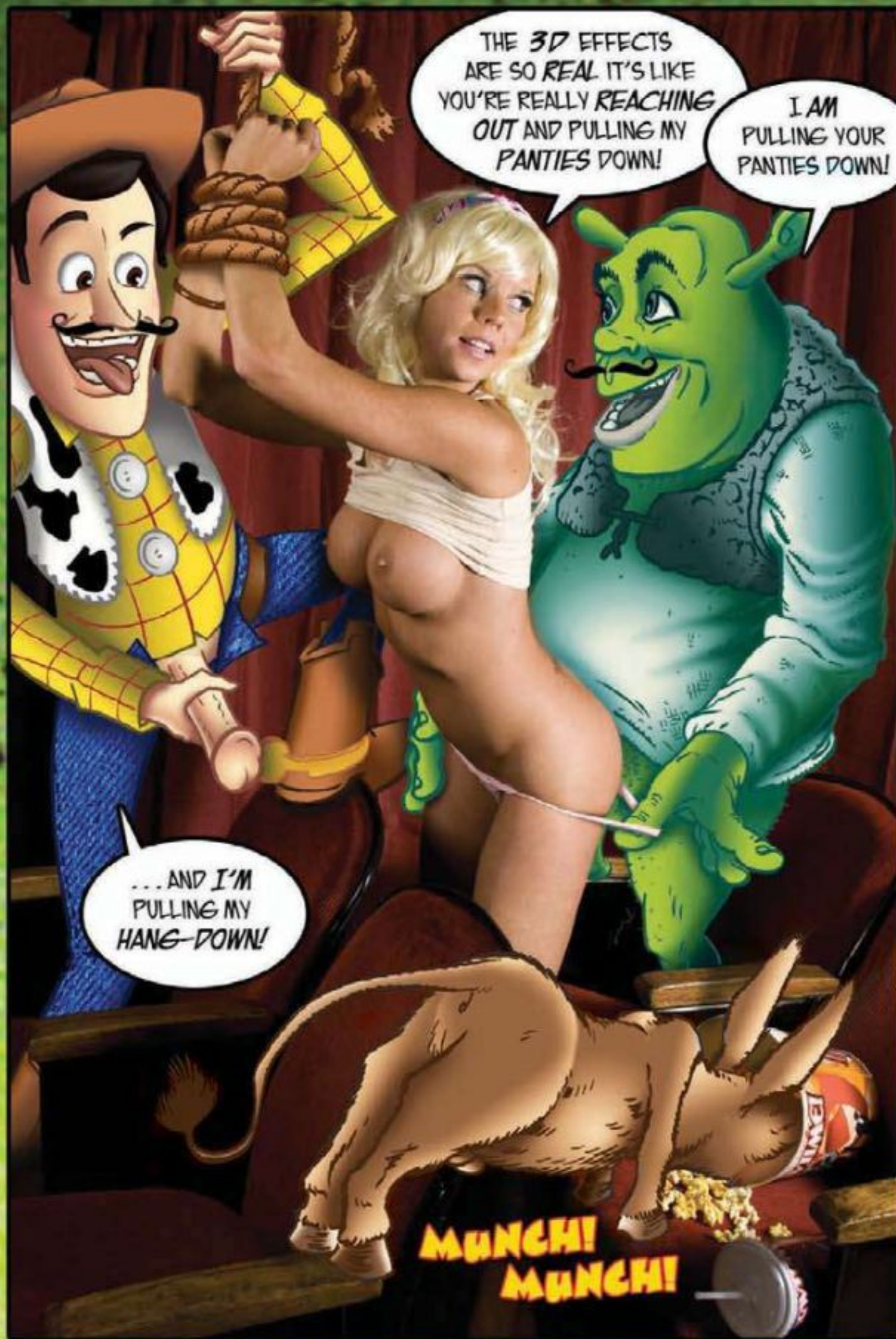


HOWZ ABOUT A BIG WOODY?

NOW IT'S A PARTY!

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

ALL THIS CROSS-PROMOTION IS FUCKIN' RIDICULOUS. I'M SICK OF BEING A SELL-OUT! I THOUGHT WE WERE CREATING ART AND TELLING A STORY TO SELL TOYS, CEREAL AND BED SHEETS ... NOT SOME OTHER GUY'S TOYS, CEREAL AND BED SHEETS!



THE 3D EFFECTS
ARE SO REAL IT'S LIKE
YOU'RE REALLY REACHING
OUT AND PULLING MY
PANTIES DOWN!

I AM
PULLING YOUR
PANTIES DOWN!

... AND I'M
PULLING MY
HANG-DOWN!

MUNCH!
MUNCH!



I NEVER KNEW
(SLURP!)
CARTOON DUDES
(MMM!)
WERE SO HORNY!
(SLURP!)

OF COURSE
WE'RE HORNY!

THANKS TO THE
SPECIAL EFFECTS,
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO
POP OUT IN 3D!

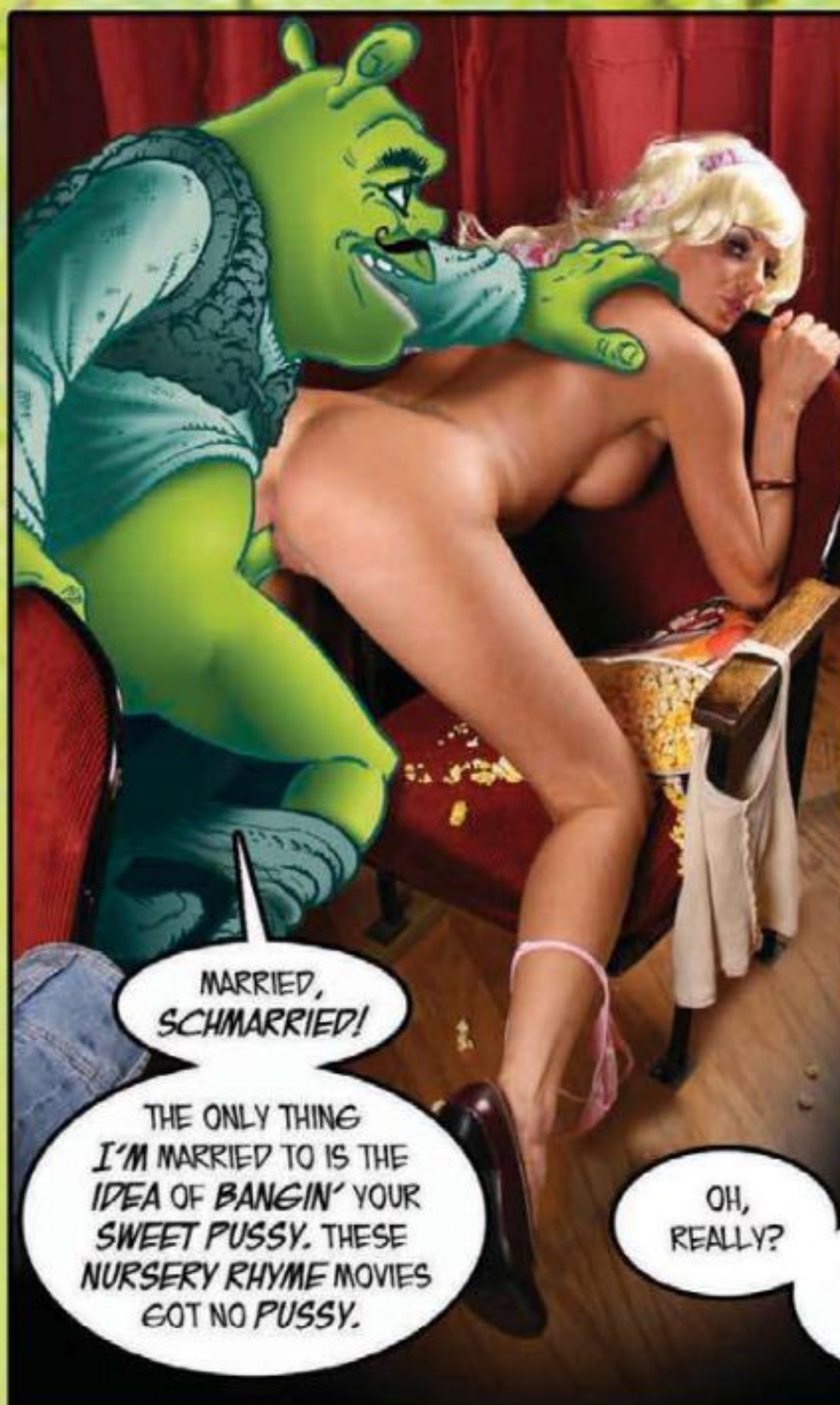
BEND OVER
AND TAKE IT UP
YOUR FAIRY TAIL,
SWEETIE!

SCRUMP!
SCRUMP!



AREN'T YOU
MARRIED?

I'M SURE
I REMEMBER SOMETHING
ABOUT YOU GETTING MARRIED IN THE
SECOND OR THIRD... OR FIFTH MOVIE,
OR SOME COMMERCIAL FOR THE DVD...
OR AN AMUSEMENT PARK RIDE...
OR MAYBE IT WAS AN AD FOR
TOILET PAPER.



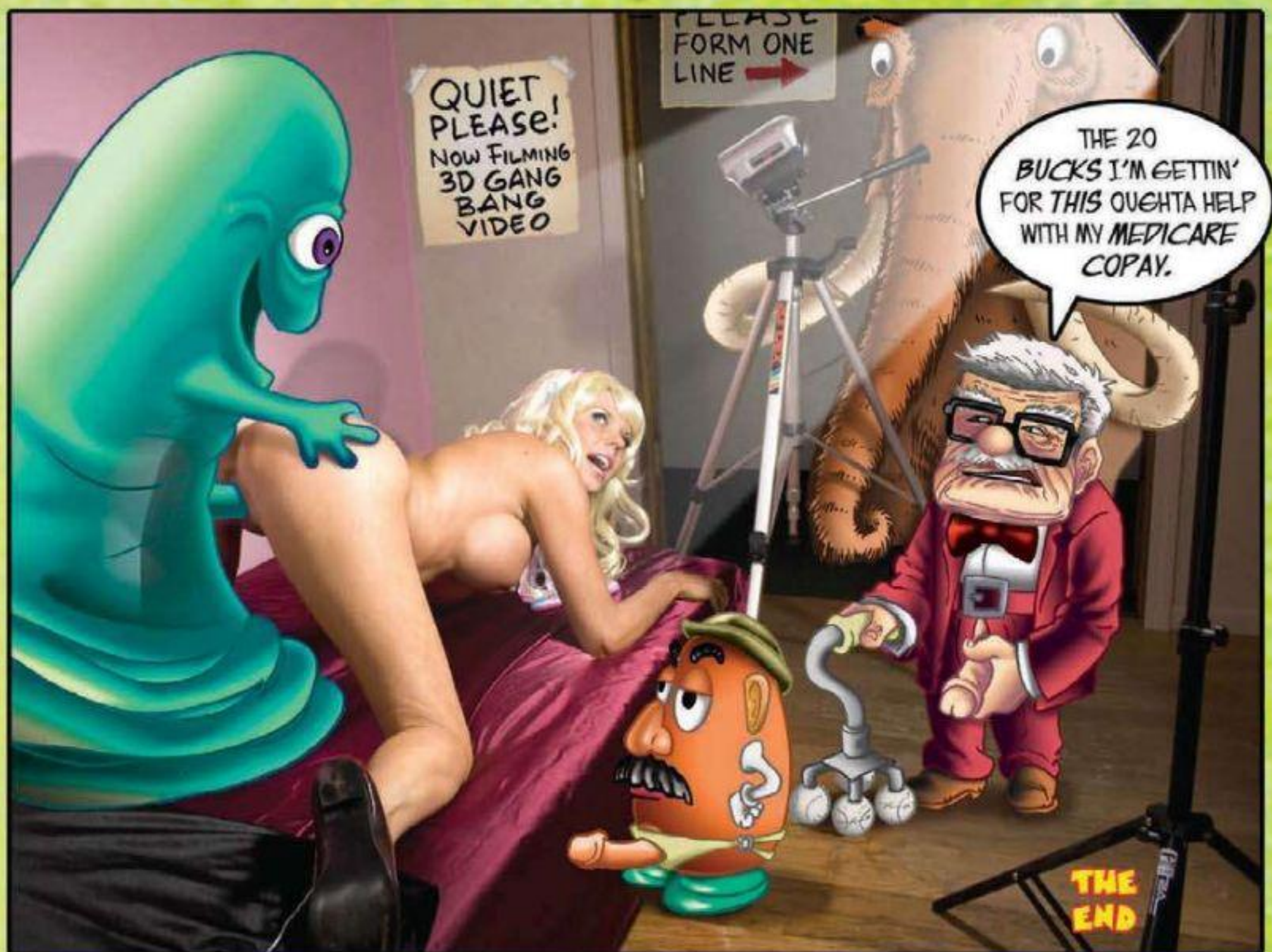
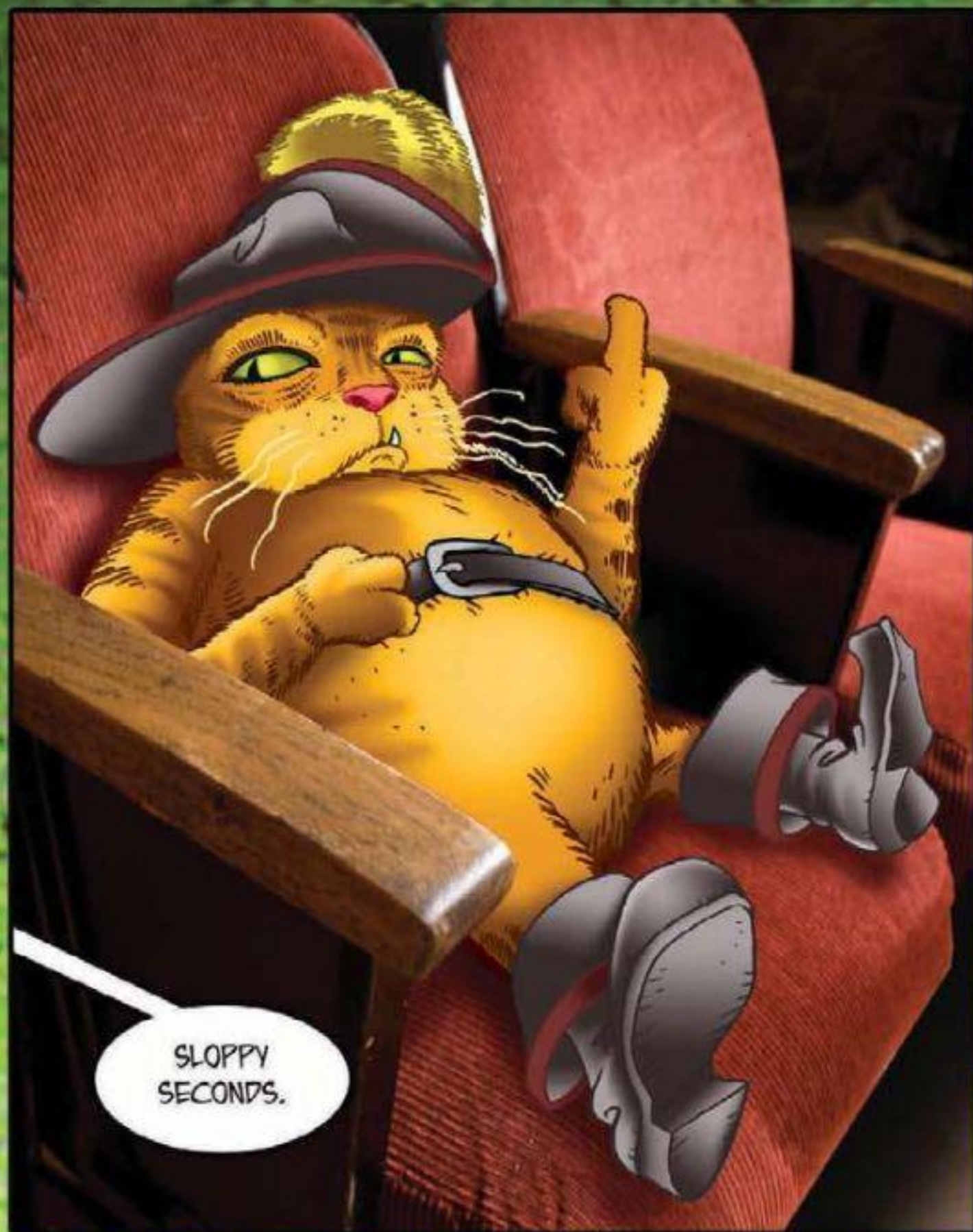
MARRIED,
SCHMARRIED!

THE ONLY THING
I'M MARRIED TO IS THE
IDEA OF BANGIN' YOUR
SWEET PUSSY. THESE
NURSERY RHYME MOVIES
GOT NO PUSSY.

OH,
REALLY?

THEN WHAT
DO YOU CALL
THAT?





**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com



ROXANA SHIRAZI

FROM IRAN WITH LUST

THE AMAZING
SAGA OF A
HOTTIE WHO
SLEPT AROUND
WITH A
WHO'S WHO
OF ROCK
STARS

You wouldn't expect a young woman who was raised in an oppressive, war-torn Middle Eastern country to become an A-list groupie bedding down some of rock 'n' roll's biggest names. Or maybe you would. But you'd probably be

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

shocked to learn this same temptress now holds a master's degree in creative studies and is regularly invited to speak at women's conferences. Meet Roxana Shirazi, who stopped by HUSTLER to discuss the intimate details of her fascinating memoir, *The Last Living Slut: Born in Iran, Bred Backstage*.

HUSTLER: What was your life like growing up in Iran?

ROXANA SHIRAZI: It was chaotic. I grew up during the revolution; there were soldiers patrolling the streets. Armed guards and the Shah's secret police raiding houses. My family were political activists, and a lot of them went to prison. Almost every day I would go and visit them with my mom. I was actually in prison when I was six months old. Every day we lived in fear of what was going to happen. On the other hand, I lived in a beautiful, sunny little home surrounded by people who loved me. As a child, I didn't think anything of growing up in the revolution. It was all a normal life to me.

How old were you when you left Iran?

I was sent to England when I was ten, at the height of the Iran-Iraq War. If you went out with makeup on or wearing nail polish, you would be tortured or sent to prison. Armed guards used to stop women on the street for wearing lipstick. They would hand them a razor blade and tissues to [painfully] scrape the lipstick off. Music was illegal. Dancing was illegal. My mother decided she didn't want her child, me, living like that.

Did you experi-

ence culture shock after arriving in England?

Definitely. I was only ten, but I had to grow up right away. One minute I was a child, and then the next morning I woke up in this new place where I had to be an adult. At first I thought there was a great freedom because I could finally take off my Islamic headgear, wear nail polish and be free. It was nice, but then the reality set in. I didn't have any friends that could speak my language. Moreover, my uncle and his family lived in a bad part of Manchester. We were poor and didn't have any food. I was hungry all the time. I didn't have my mommy. [Editor's Note: Shirazi's mother eventually joined her in England.] So it was a mixed blessing.

When did you first get into rock 'n' roll?

It started when I discovered Guns N' Roses. I had my first gushing orgasm masturbating to a photo of Axl Rose when I was about 13 years old.

Who was the first rock star you had sex with?

I didn't set out to get a rock star. I was staying with a friend who managed the British band Stereophonics. And the drummer was there. We started to hang out. He had these big drummer arms covered in tattoos with a gravelly voice and long hair. He was very rock 'n' roll and wild. I thought all musicians must be like this. After that, I started hanging out with bands and going on tour.

You must have been a wild teenager.

I was quite a sexual child. I was a naughty girl. I would try to get all my boy neighbors to show me their peepees and play naughty games with me. Things like that. But I didn't lose my virginity until I was 24 years old. I was wild about sex but also romantic. I waited for some-

one who was going to be my husband, although I had sex with girls before I slept with guys. I'd been with lots of girls in high school.

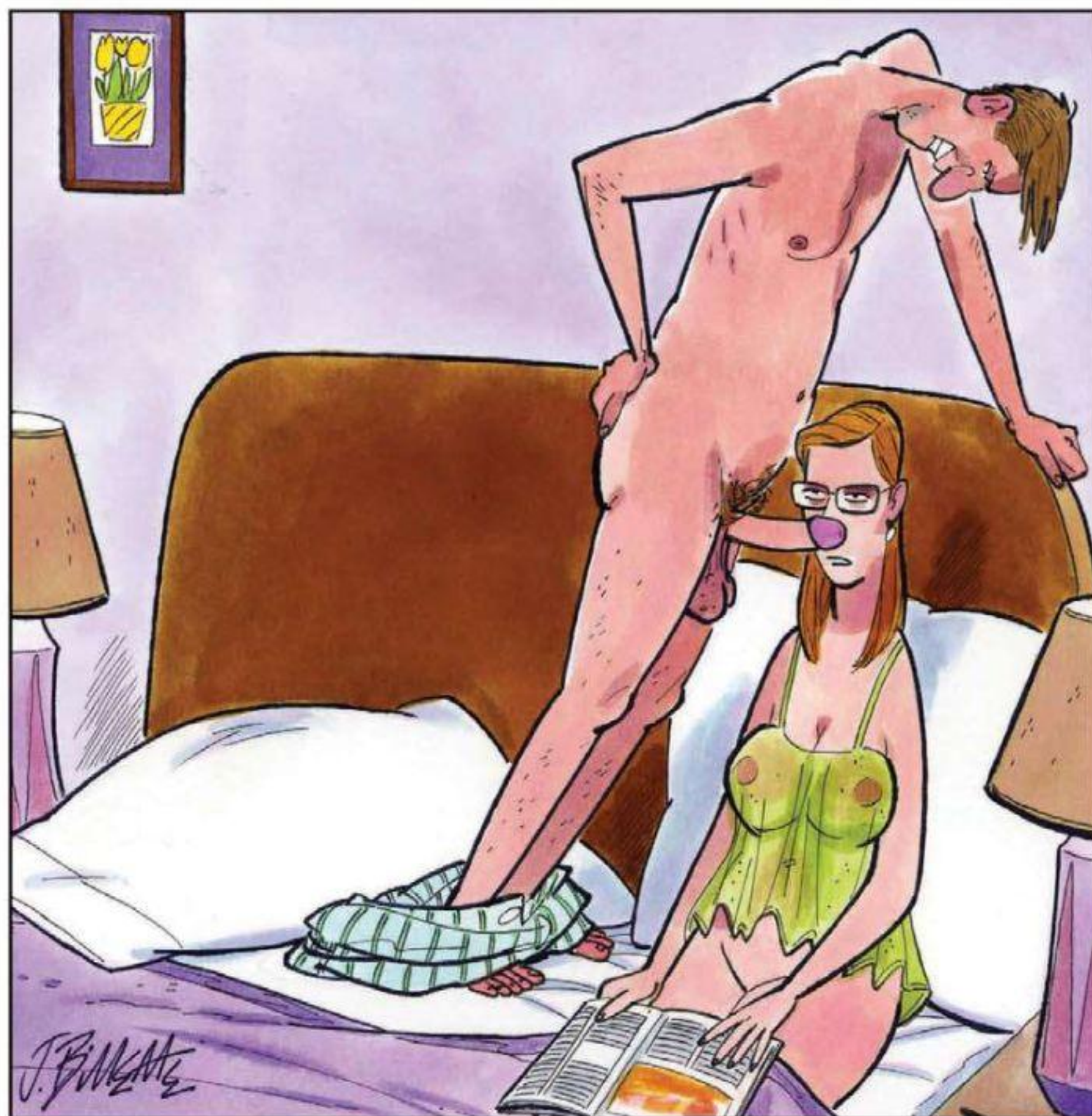
Do you think your wildness was a way of rebelling against your oppressive upbringing?

When I was at school in Iran, I was being taught the Koran, which was always about how you will go to Hell if you do this and that. It was all Hell, Hell and Hell—a lot like Catholicism with the guilt thing. Since I was told I couldn't do anything and would burn in Hell for being a bad girl, I rebelled. It made me go the opposite way. I used to come home from Koran lessons and do naughty stuff with boy neighbors. I didn't, and still don't, like to be told what to do. I don't like authority.

When did you start stripping?

When I was 16. It was crazy. I had a secret life. I spent time at my mom and stepdad's home in Bristol, then ran to London's bright





"You know, Roger, there is one word I would never use to describe you: *subtle*."

lights. It was rebellion again. At first I was scared because all the girls were so much older than me. I didn't even have stripper clothes. I only had my school-girl uniform. And guys loved it! (Laughs.) It was crazy that I lived that double life at such a young age. I would go home and be a complete dork and then escape into my sexuality by taking my clothes off [at strip clubs]. I became a different person.

When did your mom discover you were stripping?

She didn't. I only recently told her that I had stripped and done a few nude photo-shoots when I was younger. She just said, "Well, I hope you don't do that now." It was good, though, because I made enough money to pay for college.

You've been described as a "feminist groupie." What does that mean?

Well, I'm not really a groupie because I'm too wild to be the groupie. I'm the rock star. I call the shots. I say, "I want you to do this with me, and if you can't do this, then I'll find a rock star who will." Groupies really are girls who are subservient and meek compared to the rock star. I want to enjoy the experience. I've been with bands who couldn't keep up with me. I've been really pissed off. I've told them, "Go out into the hotel and find me an American rock star." I've always felt free to be myself, and bands love me for that. The guys from the band Buckcherry wanted me to call my book *Are You Fucking Man Enough? The Legend of Roxana*.

Run down a list of rockers you've slept with.

I never had Axl Rose, but I did meet him. He signed my flower. [Roxana points to her crotch.] I was going to get his autograph tattooed because I really liked him, but it got rubbed off by another member of Guns N' Roses who went down on me. It was weird for the other guy because he saw Axl's name.

I've been with the guys from Buckcherry, Papa Roach guys—not all of them—and Guns N' Roses guys, but not Slash. And, of course, I've been with [Mötley Crüe's] Tommy Lee and Nikki Sixx. I wanted to do a threesome with them. Tommy, I think, was really into it, but Nikki was more relaxed and low-key. I mean, he likes his gardening and taking pictures. When I saw him last year, I spent two hours with him, and the whole time he was taking pictures of trees. Also, I've been with some young bands who aren't famous. They're definitely really fun because they try so hard to please me.

Who was the best of the bunch in bed?

I'm gonna be really corny and say that the best sex is really with the one you love. I'm an old romantic at heart. If you're with someone who really cares about you and there's chemistry, that really makes the fireworks in the bedroom.

(continued on page 132)

LOVE LESSONS



MCKENZEE MILES & TONY DE SERGIO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY





Most women's magazines are rife with articles on "How to Please Your Man." Here's our response to their tips.

Dress the Part: *Nothing gets a man's heart racing more than a sexy outfit, whether it's lacy lingerie or a "naughty school-girl" uniform. This is fine as long as the garment is easy to rip off. We don't have time to unlace a fucking corset every time we want to get off.*

Date Night: *Married couples should never stop courting. Pick a specific time to go out together. Planning is key. We love Date Night as long as it involves a trip through the Taco Bell drive-thru and anal sex.*

Online Lust: *Sexting isn't only for teenagers. Turn on your man by surprising him with a racy text message or naughty e-mail. Pictures can make his day. Yeah, send us a picture of your fat ass. It will provide laughs for our pals at work.*

Buy the Book: *The Kama Sutra can be your guide to unlocking a new fire in your bedroom. Just remember to stretch first. Our favorite position? The one where a chick blows us while we watch ESPN.*

Avoid the Bed: *It's all about location, location, location. Try using the dining room table for something other than eating. Not eating at all is also a great tip. We wouldn't need to spice things up if your ass wasn't so damn fat.*

What girls need to realize is that none of the above really matters to guys. While we do appreciate a chick who is creative in bed, here's the bottom line with the ladies: If they're willing to suck us, fuck us and make us a sandwich, we'll be happy. That is until they start nagging or someone hotter comes along.







McKenzie Miles stars in **Barely Legal #75**
and **Co-ed Cum Eaters** from HUSTLER
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A DAY IN THE LIFE:

DIAMOND FOXXX

Brassy MILF- Next-Door.

THERE'S NO BETTER TIME TO OBSERVE DIAMOND FOXXX in her private habitat than right after Mother's Day, all rested up after me-time with the fam. Standing on the sidewalk outside her apartment building in Southern California's San Fernando Valley, she waves to both dry her nail polish and catch my attention. Barely grazing 5 feet, the Southern belle might be easy to miss were it not for her massive bosom, phosphorescent spray tan and diamond-studded piercing.

I follow Diamond inside—her two Maltese dogs, Jack and Jill, protesting my arrival—as she returns to her breakfast of Gouda cheese and crackers. There's a reassuring, homey feel to the apartment's interior, where leather sofas face a widescreen TV, and a popcorn cart sits just outside the kitchen. Nothing about the rigorously domestic ambiance suggests this is a porn-financed residence. That's probably the point.

As if on cue, husband Ben emerges from the master bedroom, issuing a polite greeting in a thick

THE LATE-
BLOOMING
PORN STAR
GETS WHAT
SHE WANTS—
**AND THAT'S
AN ORDER!**

PHOTO FROM BOSSY MILFS 4 COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



Diamond and hubby Ben



PHOTOS BY BETTINA CHAVEZ

Dixie drawl. He shows Diamond a few tank tops. She favors a leopardskin print that somehow crept into the collection. Ben disagrees, "It's so cougar!"

"But I like it," Diamond asserts.

"I think it boxes you into a category," Ben counters.

Diamond smirks. "I'm already in that category!"

It's a cute exchange, although something about it feels staged. As Diamond compromises on a black-silk, button-down shirt, Ben explains his role as personal assistant, which he assumed when his wife got into

the adult industry. It's a business, he tells me, with only one product: Diamond Foxxx. And the couple know they can't market her image and body forever.

Ben opens an immense plastic suitcase with every single bauble, earring and bracelet squared away in its corresponding bin. "When Diamond shows up on set," he declares, "everything, just like this case, is categorized. Every single thing is labeled. When she goes out, all of her clothes are fully pressed and laundered. When she shows up on set, she always has more than what she needs. We take it really seriously. We don't want to miss

any opportunities, and that's because we know we don't have 15 more years left in the business. So we've got to make sure that everything we do, we do 110%."

I note a picture of Diamond's 19-year-old daughter on the wall. She's in the Navy. Practically all of Diamond's family have enlisted in the Armed Forces at one point or another, herself included. Her mother, a Marine drill instructor, handled her household the way she handled a crew of raw recruits. "If we even breathed wrong, we went and stood in the corner for a while," Diamond recalls, slinking penitently over to a wall for effect.



PHOTOS FROM BOSSY MILFS 4 COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



Not surprisingly, Diamond left home as soon as she could, enlisting in the Navy at 19 after giving birth to the first of her children. (Don't bother asking Diamond for details on the father. Occasionally the guy sends a child support check, but he's out of the picture, which is how she likes it.) Her enlistment, Diamond reveals, lasted for all of 11 months and 11 days. Single people can't have sex in the Navy. Following a court martial, the sailor

was "other than honorably" discharged, meaning she lost her benefits and can never reenlist. Extremely patriotic, Diamond actually tried to get back into uniform after 9/11 but was denied.

Having envisioned a military career, Diamond still grouches over the lousy deal she got. "Bill Clinton fucked that bitch [Monica Lewinsky] with a cigar and committed adultery, which in the military will put you away

for 20 years," she fumes. "And they did nothing [to him]. That drove me nuts."

Back in the civilian world, Diamond sold cars for several years: used cars, BMWs, Chevrolets. She was pretty good at it too. Then she met Ben in 1999 at an Albertson's grocery store he managed. Marriage followed, and after a few years as a stay-at-home mom, Diamond and her husband decided to get in on the real estate boom.

Ben had an interesting idea for raising the necessary capital to flip houses. "He was the one that actually suggested porn just because he knew that there was money there," Diamond remembers. "I was like, 'Are you crazy? Do you know what they do?' Because at the time, we weren't having a whole bunch of sex." It took a year for Diamond to get enough nerve to shoot her first scene.

Diamond shows me a portrait from her Navy days. It depicts a pale, flat-chested brunette who's virtually unrecognizable from today's processed platinum-blond, glamour-doll persona. The transformation she's made for porn has occasionally caused psychological confusion. During the production of her first self-produced feature, she found it helpful to create an alter ego: Annie Dickado.

Normally Diamond would shy away from performing anal creampie or threeways, but as Annie, for some reason, her inhibitions fell away. In fact, they fell away so easily she became concerned enough to see a shrink. "He says that Diamond and Annie are the same person, and I have to differentiate the two," she reports. But make no mistake—whether as Annie or Diamond, the lady loves what she does.

PHOTO BY BETTINA CHAVEZ



"I'm gonna do it until the cameras say, 'Okay, you need to stop,'" she insists. She credits porn with saving her marriage, and she's even figured out how to make the Dickado complex work for her. "So [my shrink] says, 'Why don't you make Diamond become Annie Dickado with the blond wig on?' It's been a good thing 'cause my performance has gone through the roof."

Diamond glances at the clock on her iPhone: 11:46 a.m. She, Ben and I pile into her BMW 328i convertible to go house-hunting. Diamond turns on her phone's police scanner app to find out about three cop helicopters hovering a few blocks away. It's a redneck thing, Ben assures me: "They sit at the kitchen table and listen to police scanners to see what their neighbors are doing."

Once we arrive at the first property, Diamond and Ben reveal why they haven't found a new home in 11 months of searching. The couple notice all sorts of faults: The wood floors are fake; the refrigerator is cheap. Worst of all are the sightlines the neighbors have into the dwelling. Apparently it's okay for Diamond to spy on people with a police scanner, but God help them if they return the favor by peeping in on her, which has happened before. Neither Diamond nor Ben feel this place is worth the \$1 million pricetag anyway. So we're off to the next house.

This one, just a few doors down the street, is wood-paneled and perched atop a steep driveway. Diamond likes it a great deal. There's a large bathtub, which Diamond insists is all hers. Ben assents to this, admitting to me, "She's a little spoiled." Plus, the house has fewer sightlines pointing into it, and the smaller room adjacent to the master bedroom would be perfect for a stripper pole.

"I hope to find more clients that look at small rooms and think stripper pole rather than office," the real estate agent confides. "That would be a life goal for me."

The backing of one of Diamond's earrings comes off, falling to the floor. The porn actress takes this as an omen of sorts. Hopefully after months of searching and false starts, this may be the dream house, so they discuss making an offer before leaving.

Of course, neighbors are a concern, but Diamond knows just how to handle them should they get too close: "I'm gonna open my front door butt-ass naked and tell them, 'Get the fuck off my property!'"

"Are you sure that's an effective deterrent?" the real estate agent asks.

Diamond replies, "Yes, especially if it's a married man."

Los Angeles-based Justin Hampton is a veteran freelance writer who has covered sex, music and vice for *Spin*, *Penthouse Forum*, *High Times* and "other fine and not-so-fine publications."



"Mr. Winger, this bank won't be giving you that small-business loan you need—but I hope you can see the big picture here. We're doing our part to sabotage that nigger Democrat in the White House!"



"Geez, Mom. Nobody says *tramp* anymore! Use *slut* or *ho*!"



YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST TIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS FOR DIGITAL DESIRE



NADIA ARIA

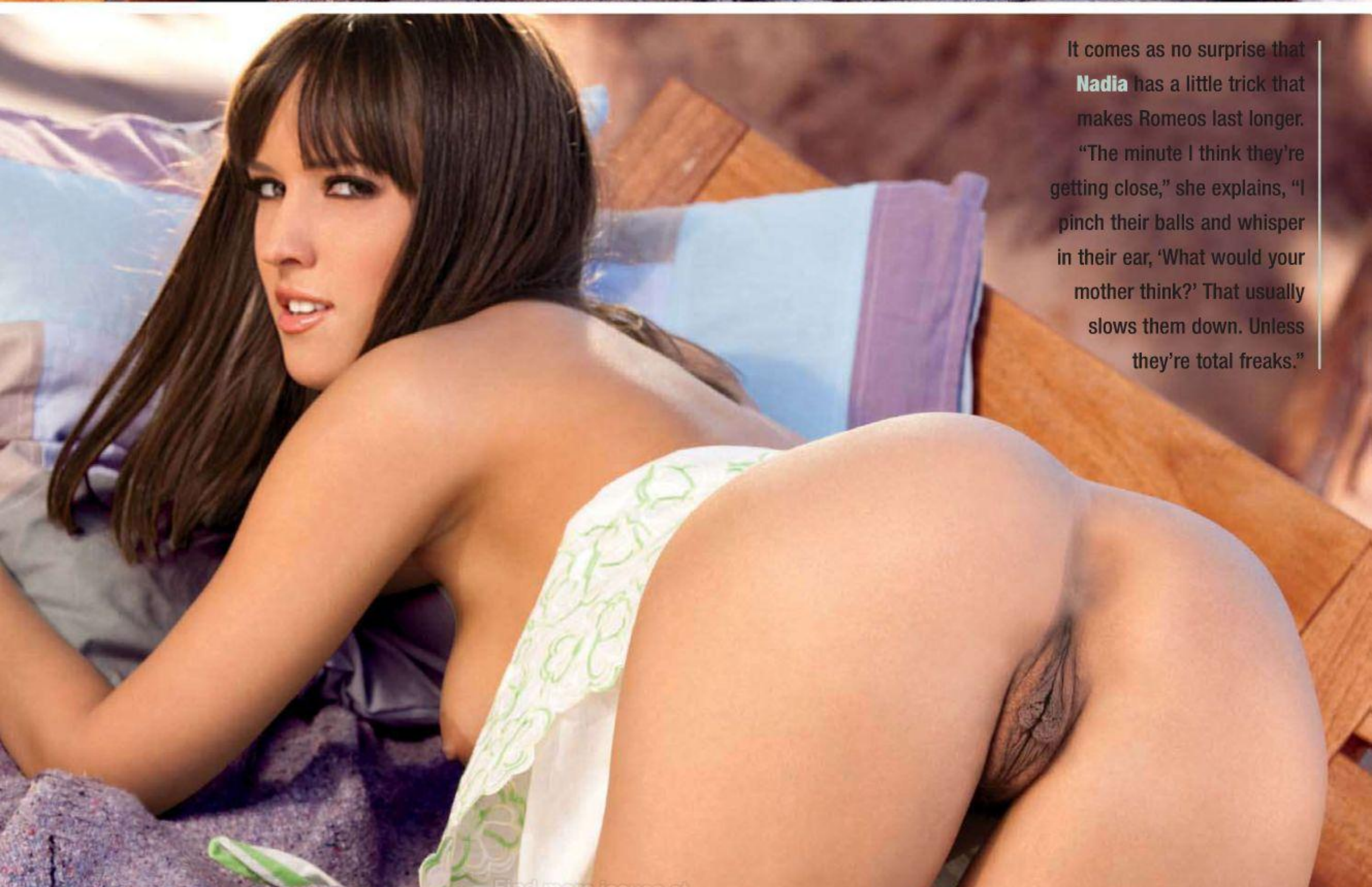
How did beautiful photo virgin **Nadia** come to “pop her cherry” in HUSTLER?

“I wanted to pose nude for so long, but I just had to wait for the right moment. Working with a wonderful photographer and knowing the shots were going to be in HUSTLER was thrilling. I found the whole experience empowering. While being photographed, I felt like I was in total control of my femininity and sexuality. I like to be in control.”

Is it safe to say **Nadia** likes to control things in the bedroom as well? “You know it!” she exclaims with a laugh. “I’ve had too many ‘Quick Draw McGraws’ in my life. You know, the kind of guy who gets in my pussy, pumps twice and is done. I hate that! I need a man to last as long as I can. I’m not talking about marathon sex, but I have to come first. A guy has to know that a lady always comes first. If not, then she’ll never give it up to him again. And believe me, with sex, practice makes perfect.”







It comes as no surprise that **Nadia** has a little trick that makes Romeos last longer. "The minute I think they're getting close," she explains, "I pinch their balls and whisper in their ear, 'What would your mother think?' That usually slows them down. Unless they're total freaks."





What's next for the little lady? "Hopefully some more nude modeling...or not. John Lennon said, 'Life is what happens while you're making plans.' That's kind of my mantra. I could tell you I'm going to do more layouts, but then I could get hit by a bus. All I know is I'm going to enjoy everything that comes my way. And look both ways before I cross the street."





NADIA ARIA'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Shelby Township, Michigan | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 108



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-Nadia Arria

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Dan went to a psychiatrist for the first time and griped, "My wife is very unfaithful to me. Every evening the bitch goes to Larry's Bar and picks up men to suck and fuck! I'm going crazy, Doc. What should I do?"

"Relax, take a deep breath and calm down," the shrink advised. "Now tell me exactly where this Larry's Bar is."

Little Johnny went to the bank with his mother. They had to wait in line, and right in front of them was a very large woman wearing a business suit. After a few minutes Little Johnny exclaimed, "Gee, Mom, that lady is fat! I'll bet her butt is as wide as a truck!" Embarrassed, the mother scolded her tactless son.

Just then the hefty woman's pager went off: *Beep-beep-beep!*

"Holy shit, Mom! Look out!" Little Johnny howled. "She's backing up!"

Question: What's the difference between God and a surgeon?

Answer: God doesn't think he's a surgeon.

Looking around at a Chinese restaurant, a first-time customer noticed that all the tables had been set with forks, not chopsticks. He asked the waitress why. "Chopsticks are only provided on request," the Asian hottie answered.

"But if you provided your patrons chopsticks," the man countered, "you wouldn't have to pay someone to wash all the forks."

"True," the waitress muttered. "However, we would have to hire three more people to clean up the fucking mess!"

HUSTLER Truth: Obituaries would be a lot more interesting if they told you how the person died.

During a couple's 50th wedding anniversary celebration the husband leaned over and asked his once-gorgeous wife, "Our marriage has been truly remarkable, but it's always bothered me how our fourth child never quite looked like the other kids. I must know, dear. Did he have a different father?"

Struggling to look her mate in the eye, the biddy confessed, "Yes, he did."

As a tear trickled down his cheek, the geezer stammered, "Who, who was the father?"

Finally getting up the courage to tell her husband the truth, the elderly dame exclaimed, "You!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Life isn't like a box of chocolates; it's more like a jar of jalapeños. What you do today may burn your ass tomorrow!

A cow, an ant and an old fart were debating who was the greatest among them. First the cow boasted, "I produce 50 liters of milk a day! That's why I'm the greatest!"

The ant bragged, "I work night and day and can carry 52 times my own weight, and that's why I'm the greatest!"

To the HUSTLER reader: It's your turn to outdo that cow and ant.

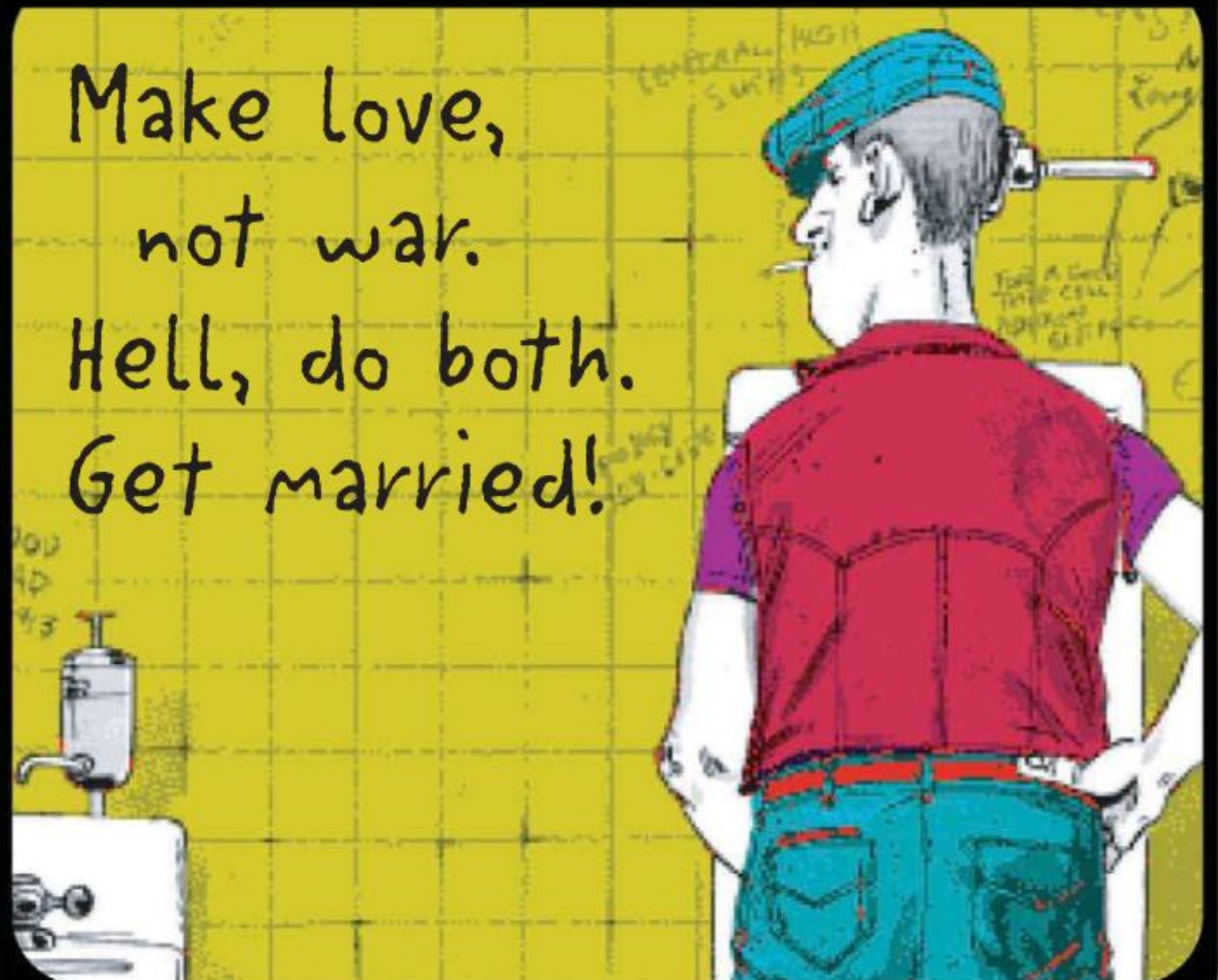
The classic film *The Wizard of Oz* is now more than 70 years old. If Dorothy were to encounter men with no brain, heart or courage today, she wouldn't be in Oz; she'd be in Congress.

Wilmer was heading home after a night on the town when a policewoman pulled him over for drunk driving. The well-built cop droned, "Sir, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law."

The inebriated sot blurted out, "Tits!"

GRAFFiLTHY

Make love,
not war.
Hell, do both.
Get married!

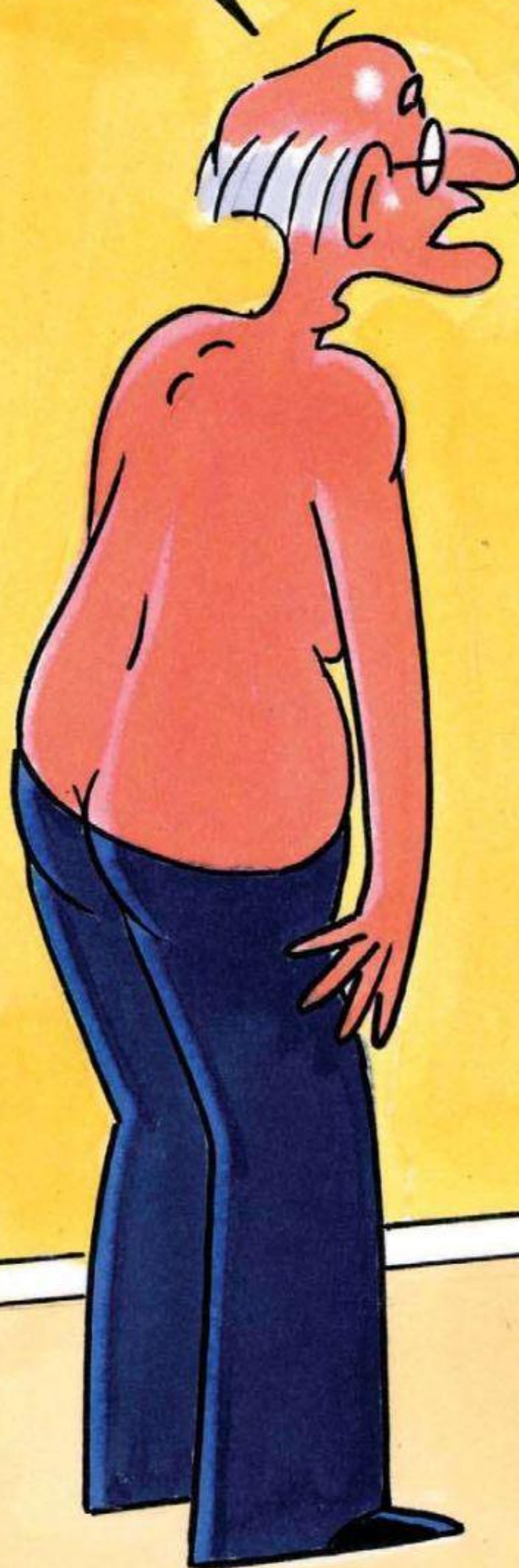


Thanks and \$50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.

THE GUY ON TV
SAID I SHOULD ASK
YOU IF MY HEART IS
HEALTHY ENOUGH
FOR SEX.

HELL NAH! YOUR
HEART ISN'T HEALTHY
ENOUGH AND YOUR
DICK ISN'T HARD
ENOUGH.



WINNERS

THE WALL STREET FINANCIAL CRISIS

A MISTAKE OR A CRIME?

QUESTION: WHEN IS A CRIME NOT
CONSIDERED CRIMINAL?
ANSWER: WHEN IT'S HATCHED ON
WALL STREET.



All over Europe and in much of the rest of the world, a new fictional hero has engaged the fascination of millions of readers. His name is Mikael Blomkvist, and he's the protagonist of the late Stieg Larsson's *Millennium* trilogy.

These thrillers, set against the background of high financial crimes and misdemeanors, have become global best-sellers, doubtless in part owing to their gripping plots, elaborate mysteries and engaging characters. But their success is also indisputably a by-product of the macroeconomic chicaneries of our era and the human catastrophes they have wrought.

Larsson understood that financial crimes are far from victimless. They have upended millions of people's lives, even if most of the victims don't understand how they've been shortchanged and who is responsible.

Although the financial crisis that swept the world may have started on Wall Street, it has brought down governments and shredded economic security worldwide, resulting in the loss of millions of jobs and homes as businesses collapse, foreclosures grow, credit tightens and communities are devastated. One estimate of the damage: \$197 trillion.

The Pew Economic Policy Group reports the average U.S. household lost \$66,000 in stock holdings and \$30,000 in real estate values from June 2008 through March 2009 due to the upheaval in world markets. This brings us close to \$100,000 per family. Against that backdrop, it's not hard to see the appeal of Larsson's hero Blomkvist, whose "contempt for his fellow financial journalists" the author encapsulates with stinging clarity: "A bank director who blows millions on foolhardy speculations should not keep his job. A managing director who plays shell company games should do time.... The job of the financial journalist was to examine the sharks who created interest crises and speculated away the savings of small investors, to scrutinize company boards with the same merciless zeal with which political reporters pursue the tiniest steps out of line of ministers and members of Parliament."

This is why I identified with Blomkvist's fictional mission; in some ways it captured my own frustrations in a media world for which "the c-word"—as in financial *crime*—seems must never be spoken.

The media failed us on the most crucial story of our era. Our newspapers and TV sources contributed to an economic disaster so cynically engineered even billionaire investor Jim Chanos was prompted to ask, "So where are the perp walks? How long does it take before we see any investigations? It boggles the mind that \$150 billion is vaporized...there haven't been any arrests, any indictments, nor any convictions at *any* major bank or at any of the government-owned financial institutions Fannie, Freddie and AIG."

I know how hard it is to alarm the public with mere facts. They don't have the context within which to interpret complicated stories. In 2006 I released the film *In Debt We Trust*, exposing illegal subprime scams and warning of the coming meltdown. It was well reviewed, but no mainstream TV outlet would air it.

I was dismissed as an alarmist and a "doom and gloomer." A mass denial of the dangers ahead seemed to be embedded in the euphoria of the very bubble that was bringing in billions for Wall Street's financial alchemists, who themselves seemed oblivious to the risks and indifferent

to the social impact their practices courted.

The media coverage has made a complex reality deliberately complicated, even incomprehensible. The satirical paper *The Onion* put the financial press in its place regarding the totally obtuse reporting for which financial journalists were justly infamous even before the biggest scoop since 1929 fell into their laps: "JPMORGAN CHASE ACQUIRES BEAR STEARNS IN TEDIOUS-TO-READ NEWS ARTICLE."

The Onion witheringly characterized the coverage as "bogging down the news for anyone who might be remotely interested in grasping what the fuck is going on."

Yet there were truth-tellers out there who were largely ignored. Investors like Warren Buffett compared the new exotic financial instruments to weapons of mass destruction—financial nuclear bombs.

Even guru of the right Ayn Rand had warned in *Atlas Shrugged* about greed destroying her beloved free market: "When you see that men get richer by graft and by pull than by work, and your laws don't protect you against them, but protect them against you—when you see corruption being rewarded and honesty becoming a self-sacrifice—you may know that your society is doomed."

Doomed or not, in the second year of the Age of Obama the hoped-for economic turnaround has yet to occur. Even as the stock market goes up again, benefitting institutional investors with the capabilities to exploit it, unemployment remains high and loan defaults continue to rise. The best projections forecast a "jobless recovery," which for millions is no recovery at all.

How did we get into this mess? Put ten economists in a room, and you get 20 explanations. Most of them revolve around business mistakes, poor risk models or even psychological problems like delusion and market madness. Few will concede Senator Ted Kaufman (D-Delaware) is right in charging that "fraud and potential criminal conduct were at the heart of the financial crisis."

Missing has been a hard-nosed look at the crisis as a crime story. Former bank examiner William Black understands this. Focusing on looting and CEO fraud, he helped send over 1,000 bankers to prison during the S&L crisis in the 1980s. This time there were neither dogged sleuths nor crime-busting newshounds on the beat.

Even Alan Greenspan has finally admitted in his all-too-polite exchange with a government inquiry that has come to resemble a Princeton seminar, "If you don't have enforcement, and a lot of that stuff was just

plain fraud, you're not coming to grips with the issue." Of course, this "maestro" didn't go into detail on "a lot of that stuff."

What we are watching is an abstruse debate about banks that are "too big to fail," not too big to jail. Very little of the discourse speaks in terms of the victims—the millions of families now without breadwinners or homes. Most of the commentary still looks up at CEOs, not down at the people whom they robbed by design, as folk singer Woody Guthrie put it, not with a six-gun but "with a fountain pen."

When most of us think of crime, we think of gangsters with guns, not banksters with elaborate schemes designed to transfer your wealth to their accounts. Graydon Carter, the editor of *Vanity Fair*—a publication more at home with Groucho Marx than Karl—said of the meltdown: "[This] may well turn out to be the greatest nonviolent crime against humanity in history...never before have so few done so much to so many."

Yet economists, even progressive ones like James Kwak, deeply mired in the labyrinthian world of financial transactions, still don't believe it. The day the SEC filed a complaint against Goldman Sachs, he wrote on BaselineScenario.com, one of the more critical Web sites covering the collapse of this vast swindle: "One of the things I say now and then that most annoys people is that the financial crisis was not caused by criminal behavior.... My general line is that I'm sure there was some bad behavior that rose to the level of criminal liability—like lying in disclosure documents—but that it wasn't necessary for the crisis, and we could have had the crisis without any criminal activity at all."

The problem with this thinking is that it defines financial crime too narrowly, only in terms of securities laws concerned primarily with protecting investors.

It doesn't acknowledge that financial institutions spent nearly a billion dollars underwriting efforts to erode government controls and change rules, regulations and even laws to allow them to get away with whatever enhanced their bottom lines, no matter who got hurt. Their well-documented history of aggressive lobbying and buying up politicians qualifies them as avaricious manipulators, not law-abiding companies. Their legal and moral defenses for this conduct are entirely bogus.

Let's look at Goldman Sachs. In my film I report that Goldman was accused by Massachusetts authorities of deliberately designing mortgages to fail. They settled the

complaint by paying a \$60-million fine and wrote it off as a cost of doing business.

The SEC later filed civil fraud charges on similar grounds. This was followed by turbulent hearings on the Hill during which Senator Carl Levin (D-Michigan) repeatedly cited an internal correspondence reference to "shitty" deals that Goldman Sachs peddled only to bet against them. The Justice Department, in a separate action, was asked to open a criminal file. Among the allegations: shady accounting schemes.

The giant firm has certainly come in for excoriation and ridicule, but none of Goldman's officers has been convicted of wrongdoing, and they are "lawyered up" to the gills. Leslie Griffith on Reader Supported News writes: "A modern-day financial monarchy, Goldman acts with the impunity once reserved for kings. Controlling legislators. Electing Presidents. Filling the Executive Branch with well-heeled lackeys, manipulating world markets and betting against the welfare of its own clients...the American people. When their equivalent of 'tax time' came, they squeezed the peasants for billions of bail-out bucks."

In their testimony before Congress, Goldman bankers defended themselves by saying all big banks did what they did. A weak alibi at best, it nonetheless seems to be working for them.

The assignment of criminal liability is hardly underway. As one lawyer said to Bloomberg News, "In order to proceed criminally in a case, you need to have very clear evidence of lying, cheating and stealing." In plain English: Don't get your hopes up. The government has not declared war on Wall Street even after Wall Street declared war on Main Street.

The housing bubble was built on a bedrock of fraud linking shady subprime brokers and appraisers to an industry of financial products that were then resold with misrepresented values thanks to the connivance of unethical ratings agencies.

The selling and reselling of assetless asset-backed securities is a central element of the vast fraud, as is the practice of insuring while simultaneously betting against these investments through companies like AIG. We are talking about a criminal enterprise involving tens of thousands of people working in the financial services industry. Martin Wolf of *The Financial Times* explained that three industries worked together almost like a cabal to perpetuate these schemes.

The architects of the FIRE economy (structured around Finance, Insurance and Real Estate), operated in the shadow of bent rules and apathetic regulators. They built a huge



"If my pecker still worked, I'd be all over that booty."



"Is this a bad time, ladies?"

infrastructure of collaborators and henchmen called "financial service professionals."

Writes Wolf: "In between the ultimate borrowers and the risk-takers were loan-originators, designers and packagers of securitized assets, ratings agencies, sales staff, managers of banks and SIVs [Structured Investment Vehicles] and managers of pension—and other—funds."

What chance did some poor homeowner or credit card customer have against this savvy and well-funded phalanx of operatives whose one mission was to separate them from their property and money?

Many knew the people they were selling to could not afford to buy their products. They didn't care. It was all done deceptively and by design. It was deliberate, engineered in public and hidden in plain sight. At the local level, mortgage companies said they were under pressure from Wall Street to keep selling homes to the poor so the paper could be resold in an atmosphere of trickle-down corruption.

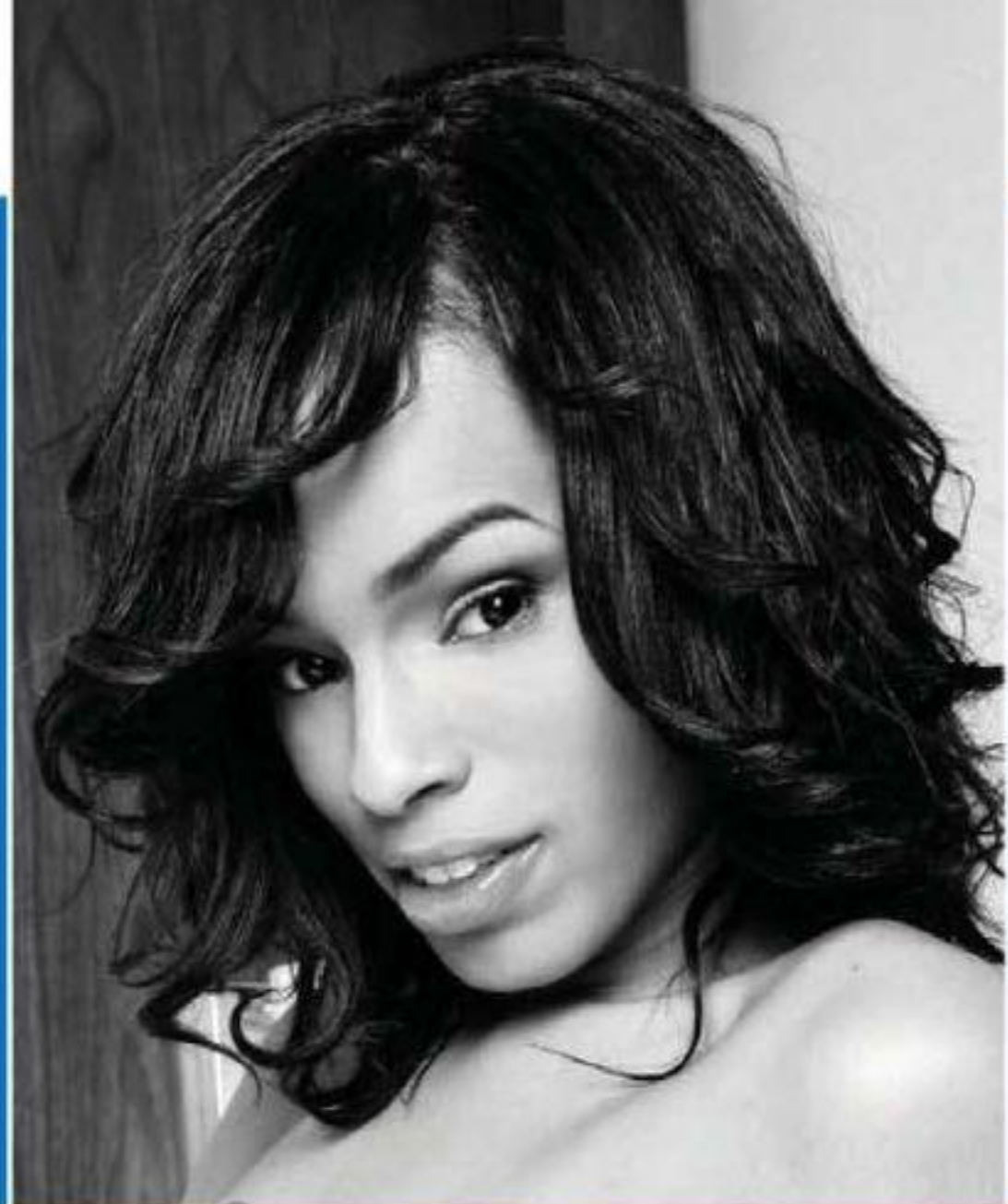
My own investigation led me to produce a new film, *Plunder: The Crime of Our Time*, out on DVD from Disinfo. (PlunderTheCrimeOfOurTime.com). I also wrote a companion book, *The Crime of Our Time* (Disinformation Books) with more documentation than you can get into any film of reasonable length. I was surprised when the *Wall Street Journal* characterized it as an "anti-Wall Street film [that] isn't just for Michael Moore fans." The Hollywood Interview blog called it "fascinating and nail-biting, much like *All the President's Men*."

Movie City News elaborated: "*Plunder: The Crime of Our Time* describes how Wall Street interests greased the skids for just such a collapse, consciously breaking laws they knew government regulators were unlikely to defend. Michael Moore has trod similar ground, but in a more overtly entertaining style.... It's a sobering documentary, but one that's too important to ignore...in Schechter's case, again."

This crisis can be explained in a way most people will understand, and when the public "gets it" they will get angry and act. It's the oldest truism: Where there is a will, there's a way.

News Dissector Danny Schechter, graduate of Cornell University and the London School of Economics, has been a radio news director, local TV news reporter, CNN show producer and Emmy Award-winning ABC News broadcast producer. He is cofounder of Globalvision, an independent film and television production company. He has directed 25 documentaries, including his latest, *Plunder: The Crime of Our Time*, about the financial crisis as a crime story. He has been honored as a blogger and has written 11 books, including *The Crime of Our Time*, further detailing his findings regarding financial crime. He has reported from 60 countries. Comments to **Dissector** @MediaChannel.org.





SCREEN NAME:

Akia

AGE: 20

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 341

LOCATION: NORTH LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Akia loves men who are "rough around the edges," but she's rather refined. The 5-foot-9 Jersey girl is pursuing a degree in paralegal studies and hopes to work as a family court mediator. Nevertheless, she admits spending a fair amount of time daydreaming about members of the opposite sex.

"What attracts me to a man is that he is all man," Akia reckons. "A tall, strong man with an athletic build and nice teeth is perfect for me. I want someone who can hold me and make me feel safe and carefree."

Besides seeking Mr. Right and networking, the modeling newbie enjoys watching educational programs (especially the History and National Geographic channels) and listening to her favorite tunes.

"I am a music freak!" Akia exclaims. "I love all kinds. You will find everything from Beethoven to Carlos Santana to Soulja Slim on my iPod."

Of course, sex highlights Akia's personal curriculum. "I love to laugh and have fun," she declares. "The most outrageous sexual experience I have ever had was when a friend and I double-dated. Before you knew it, my date was whispering in my ear, 'Are you going to give me that pussy, or I am going to have to take it?'"

Akia continues, "I never had a chance to answer. That was all it took before my panties were soaked and on the floor of the vehicle. Suddenly my legs were straight up in the air. I never knew my body could contort that way. We fucked the whole way home, and the other couple loved it." Who knew aspiring paralegals were so open-minded? 🍌



PHOTOS BY MANGO FONTAINE

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to Hustler@LFP.com.

In the center of a West Los Angeles recording studio a burly figure explains the new CD we are about to listen to. Based on a short story by screenwriter Kilian Kerwin, it strings together a mortally wounded soldier's daydreams of possible future scenarios he won't live to see. The title *Hang Cool Teddy Bear* comes from a line in the classic Russ Meyer film *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. The songs are big, dramatic rock 'n' roll epics featuring a who's who of guests, including guitar gods Steve Vai and Brian May, *American Idol* judge Kara DioGuardi and actors Jack Black and Hugh Laurie (*House*).

As the speaker's enthusiasm reaches a fever pitch that borders on hysteria, we realize the guy isn't just some over-the-top record company pitchman. He's music legend Meat Loaf, the voice behind the best-selling catalog album of all time (*Bat Out of Hell*, more than 40 million sold worldwide), who's bolstered his run of solid records and heart-stopping concerts with stints in more than 60 films and TV shows. Afterward we sat down with Meat Loaf to discuss *Hang Cool Teddy Bear*, his stellar career and why he's rock 'n' roll's Frank Sinatra.

HUSTLER: You seem really excited about your new CD.

MEAT LOAF: It's the most important record I've ever done. If you want to know who I am as an artist, then listen to this record because it really reflects me. In anything you do artistically, there is always a piece of you inside of it. This record is who I am as an artist more than any other record because it rocks harder than any other record.

IN THE STUDIO...* *HANGING COOL WITH* **MEAT LOAF*

THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

ASIA Omega



The '80s supergroup that features members of Yes (guitarist Steve Howe), King Crimson (bassist/vocalist John Wetton), Emerson, Lake & Palmer (drummer Carl Palmer) and the Buggles (Geoff Downes) returns with yet another disc of epic arena rock. Highlights: "Holy War" and "Finger on the Trigger."



BLACKBERRY SMOKE Little Piece of Dixie

How can you not love a CD whose first song starts with: "Two six-packs of Shiner. Ninety-nine-cent butane lighter. Lucky Strikes and a fifth of Patron"? This disc is loaded with classic good-ol'-boy country songs played by stellar musicians. Toss in guest vocalists George Jones and Jamey Johnson, and you have your favorite new CD.

CROWDED HOUSE Intriguer



In 2007, dream pop masters Crowded House reemerged sounding refreshed and revived after an 11-year hiatus. This, their second CD on the comeback trail, sees them releasing their most perfect record since the group's magnum opus, *Woodface*. *Intriguer* is full of perfect, Beatles-esque pop.



JOANNA NEWSOM Have One on Me

At worst the music of Joanna Newsom can be called "kooky." At best she's a musical innovator. This set pushes the boundaries by breaking itself down into three separate CDs of broad songs. Think Kate Bush meets NWA.

OASIS

Time Flies... 1994-2009



Like the Kinks before them, Oasis proved that having two brothers in a band can lead to an unsteady (and often-volatile) balance of friction and brilliance. This two-CD and one-DVD set mines the best of the Gallagher brothers' genius. Highlights: "Live Forever" and "Champagne Supernova."



DOT ALLISON Room 7 1/2

The Scottish singer has the voice of an angel—a heartbroken, deeply troubled angel—but an angel nonetheless. Allison's latest disc is packed with hooks and gems, including duets with bad boy Pete Doherty ("I Wanna Break Your Heart") and the Modfather, Paul Weller ("Love's Got Me Crazy").

BY KEITH VALCOURT SIGHTS & SOUNDS

It's more organic than any other record. There isn't all those stacked background vocals or the Phil Spector "wall of sound."

It's a big record, but you can hear every instrument in it all the time no matter what is going on. In the past my records have been this big whitewash of sound with me in front of it. You really don't hear every little nuance like you can on this record. That's the beauty of this record. Every time I listen to it, I hear things I've never heard before. And I've listened to this record a hundred times now. This album explains me as an artist more than any other record.

But you are singing it through a character?

Right. I'm singing it through the eyes of Patrick, who is a dying 24-year-old soldier. That really required a lot of work. I can't explain the process. All the songs got thrown at me at the last minute. Things were being written right on top of each other, so I didn't have time to do my homework ahead of time. I researched this character. I was then sitting in a studio doing all this research.

The song that I really had to guard against being myself was "Los Angel-oser." It has a speech that says, "I want to thank all you ladies out there. Especially the ones that have showed me a little love." It was so hard to pull me out of that speech and let that be the voice of Patrick. He's this young soldier who, in my mind, is this really good-looking, built guy. I could never be that. So I have to dream that guy. I had to make him. The reason Patrick goes

into these scenarios when he flashes forward is because he's full of doubt about who he is and why he's where he's at. How did he get there?

How do you find the balance between the character and putting yourself into the song?

You don't. There are pieces of you inside that character. It's like any film that you do. It's always driven me nuts. Normally an actor doesn't write the script. What he has to do is find the truth. Any actor that knows anything will tell you that acting is nothing but about the truth. Singing and delivering a song should be, but is not always, about the truth. A lot of singers tell you the story about why they wrote the song and the truth about that moment they lived in their life.

What is more difficult is to take a fictional human being and make him real and make him tell you the truth. That is much more difficult than writing a song about how your truck ran over your cat, and after that your girlfriend ran off with that Frank fellow and how you had to write a song about it. It's much more difficult to find the truth in a character than find the truth in yourself.

When you perform live, it's an epic theatrical event. In the studio do you think ahead as to how you're going to translate and present the songs live?

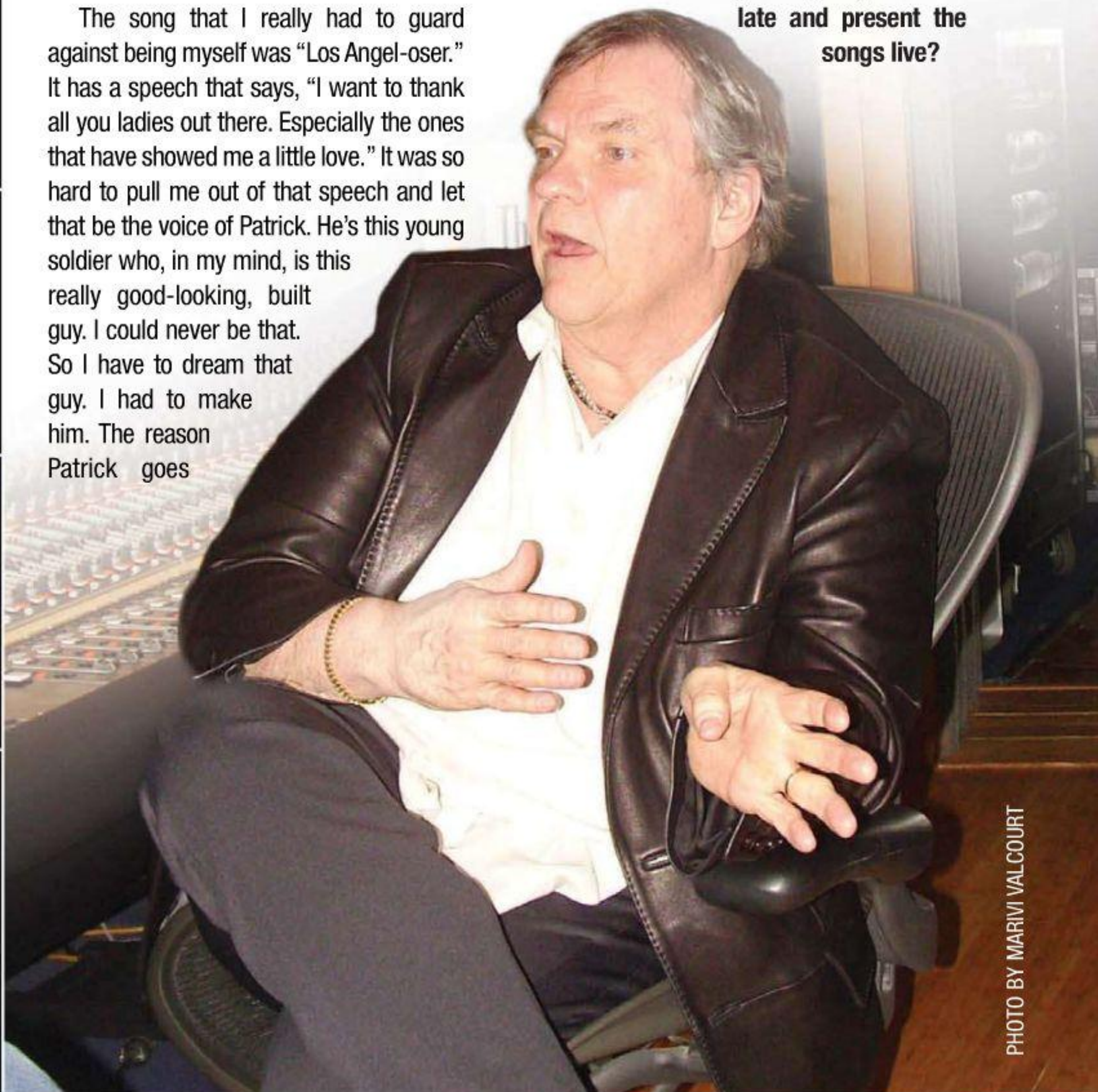


PHOTO BY MARIVI VALCOURT



No, because it's always different. Any director I've ever worked with as an actor—from the very beginning with Jim Sharman on *Rocky Horror [Picture Show]* to Alan Rudolph when I was doing *Roadie* to David Fincher and Dario Argento—they always ask, "Do you ever do the same thing twice?" I don't. Because I don't know what just happened. Because everything I do is a different moment. If we left this interview and tomorrow came back, and you asked me the same questions, my answers are always going to be different.

What do you think about Lady Gaga and Adam Lambert, two performers who emphasize rock theatrics?

I love Lady Gaga! I also love Adam Lambert. The only time I ever watched *American Idol* every week was when he was on it. Adam is really talented. Extraordinary! The only problem I had is the *American Idol* folks did the same thing to him that they do with other kids. They sent five songs off to four different producers, and he wasn't there when they cut the tracks. In fact, there is a song that is cut in the wrong key.

If you listen to Adam's album, you can tell it should have been in a higher key. The record feels like he wasn't really part of the whole process of developing his sound and who he is as an artist. I'm hoping that that thing is gone, and on his next record he sits in and becomes part of the whole process because he's really talented. Whereas with Lady Gaga, you can tell she is part of the process constantly.

Did you have more control on *Hang*

because I brought three great songs, and it wasn't my fault that the other 19 didn't live up to it.

Rob said, "Listen to the tracks we've already finished. We can't cut tracks with the same kind of intensity with the other songs. It's not that these songs aren't good. We just can't deliver them musically on the same level as what we've already done."

It was perfectly logical at the time. He really set the bar high. If I didn't have the control I have, there would be no way I could release a CD called *Hang Cool Teddy Bear*. Two weeks before we turned it in, the U.K. record company came to me and said, "We would like to call this *Bat Out of Hell 4*." I said, "No. But I will call it *Hang Cool Teddy Bear 4*."

Every record I release they want to call *Hell* something. I understand [why] marketingwise, but at this point calling something 4 is a negative. You gotta move forward, and *Hang Cool Teddy Bear* is about as forward as you can go right now because it's so odd.

Explain why you've said you don't consider yourself a singer but rather an actor who sings.

Rob Cavallo said it best. He said that I'm an actor who acts like he can sing.

Despite all your successes, you don't think you're a great singer?

Oh, yeah. I have no clue. I really don't. I don't know how in the hell I do what I do. I don't understand it. It's emotion and not

Cool Teddy Bear than ever before?

Yes, I do feel like I had more control. Maybe I didn't, and it was an illusion set up by producer Rob Cavallo [Green Day, My Chemical Romance]. He's a great illusionist because he made me feel like this was my record, and I could do whatever I wanted. Even though that was totally contradicted when I came in on the first day with 22 songs, and he threw out 19 of them. (Laughs.) He still made me feel it was okay

technique. I have no technical skills.

Then are you in a sense an interpreter of songs, much like Frank Sinatra? A rock 'n' roll Frank Sinatra, if you will?

Yeah! If I ever patterned my career after anyone, it's Sinatra. That's interesting because nobody else has said that. Sinatra was the one person who I wanted to meet more than everyone else, and I was all ready for him too. I was ready for the conversation, but I never got the chance. I have a real hard time around celebrities and being able to talk to them. I'm a nervous wreck. I don't know what to say.

But you're a celebrity, and there's a ton of them on your new CD.

But they're my friends. I don't think of any of them as celebrities. I watch *House* and see Hugh [Laurie] there. He's one of the biggest TV stars today, and he's just Hugh. Celebrities are either my friends, or I'm scared to death of them.

Why do all of your records feature a strong female voice?

That was my first instinct: to play off a female voice. It goes back to my first records, which always featured duets. On *Bat Out of Hell* I was dating Ellen Foley, and I said to Jim [Steinman], "We have to do a duet. I have to sing with Ellen." Then I broke up with Ellen and started dating another actress named Marcia McClain, who is the voice on the record. It's always been the beauty and the beast thing. You need that female voice, that beauty to balance me.

Will you and Jim Steinman (composer of the *Bat Out of Hell* CDs) ever collaborate again?

Yeah. Jimmy was ill and just went through a rough time, but there's no animosity there. There have been arguments and fights, but we're like an old married couple without being gay. We fight and send each other e-mails. Somebody called up the other day and said, "Meat and Jim should do another record." I think that's great. As long as Rob produces, I'm fine.

Who did the cover art for *Hang Cool Teddy Bear*?

An artist by the name of Julie Bell, who did my *Bat Out of Hell 3* album cover. I like that she blends three different styles of art: realism, fantasy and impressionist art. I saw this painting she did called *The Rose*, which is an impressionist setting with a photorealistic woman sitting on

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

DIXIE CHICKS

Playlist: The Very Best Of Country music's top-selling female group of all time finally gets a "best of." This single disc trims the fat, featuring only the very best (or at least most-well-known) of the Texas trio's efforts from their four albums. Highlights include "Not Ready to Make Nice" and "Wide Open Spaces."



ESPERANZA SPALDING

Chamber Music Society

Sexy, smoky and just plain good, the new record from jazz goddess Esperanza Spalding is the perfect soundtrack to a lazy Sunday morning or a down-and-dirty Saturday night. This record will seduce you.

HEART

Red Velvet Car

Ann and Nancy Wilson are back and ready to go "crazy on you" all over again. The first real studio effort from Heart in years is a revelation and a serious reminder that this is one sister act you need to get back into.



LAMB OF GOD

Hourglass

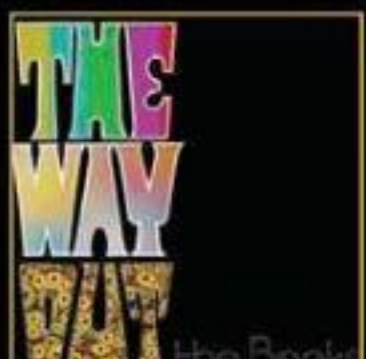
Some might say that a three-CD "best of" is a bit too much for a band that's only been around for a decade and a half. We say not true if that band is Lamb of God. The hard rock unit's collection is the ultimate metal retrospective, with pulsating tracks from their Underground and Epic years.



STANLEY CLARKE

The Stanley Clarke Band

The second-greatest electric bass player in the history of jazz (Jaco Pastorius remains #1) returns with a rocking new record. That's right, jazz can rock. Joining Clarke are virtuosos Hiromi and Ronald Bruner Jr.



THE BOOKS

The Way Out

Hipsters already know about the Books' pastoral rock. But since you're a little behind the times, think of them as the new Arcade Fire. Or maybe the new Vampire Weekend. Or, if you're really unhip, the new Wham! No, they're much more well thought out and talented than Wham!

some fantasy-looking thing. I told her I wanted the same thing with old-school Hollywood as the backdrop and all the elements from *Bat Out of Hell* albums scattered about with this woman, based on [movie exec] Sherry Lansing, as the

symbol of woman as God.

You said in describing the album that music is keeping the character alive. Does music keep you alive?

No, not at all. Film keeps me alive. I'd be okay with never singing again. ■

Books That Rock!



OZZY OSBOURNE

I AM OZZY

Ozzy speaks! And you can actually understand him. That is, of course, because this is the written word. For the first time ever the "Prince of Darkness" tells his own story in this fascinating autobiography. Two of the must-read chapters recount Ozzy's Black Sabbath days and the horrifying plane crash that killed guitarist Randy Rhoads.



MICKEY LEIGH

(WITH LEGS MCNEIL)

I SLEPT WITH JOEY RAMONE: A FAMILY MEMOIR

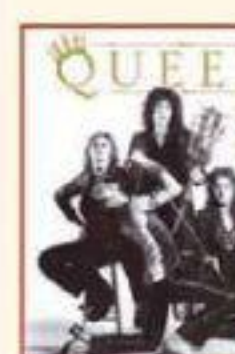
Of the many Ramones books published since the deaths of three of the four original band members, this one is the most personal. Written by Joey's brother, it takes us behind the scenes into the dysfunctional lives of the greatest American punk band ever!



NEIL ZLOZOWER

SIX-STRING HEROES

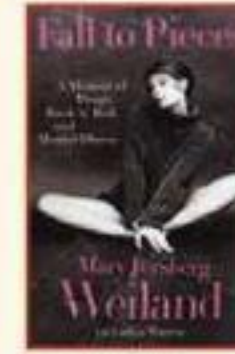
As one of rock 'n' roll's premier photographers, Neil Zlozower has had access to the greatest guitar players in the business. This book contains 150 photos capturing everyone from Jimmy Page and Keith Richards to Slash and Les Paul.



PHIL SUTCLIFFE

QUEEN: THE ULTIMATE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CROWN KINGS OF ROCK

You can't really call yourself a Queen fan until this tome graces your coffee table. It is the ultimate scrapbook of all things Queen, collecting up hundreds of photos and tidbits about Freddie Mercury, Brian May, Roger Taylor and the crazy, agoraphobic bassist John Deacon.



MARY FORSBERG WEILAND

FALL TO PIECES

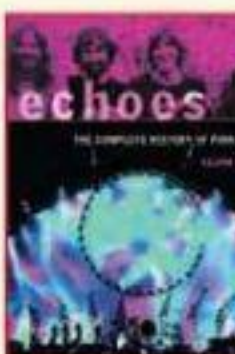
Being married to a rock star ain't all it's cracked up to be. At least that's what the ex-wife of Stone Temple Pilots vocalist Scott Weiland thinks. In this captivating and intimate book, Mary Forsberg Weiland chronicles a disturbing world of sex, drugs, more drugs and rock 'n' roll.



PAUL EDWARDS

HOW TO RAP: THE ART AND SCIENCE OF THE HIP-HOP MC

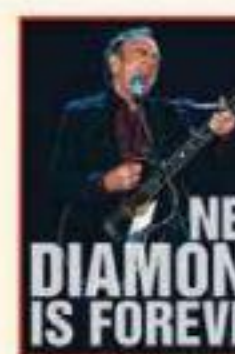
Think you got skills? Word? Fer realz? Then you may not need this comprehensive guide to grabbing the mic and busting a rhyme. *How to Rap* boasts a who's who of hip-hop luminaries discussing everything from style to flow in detail.



GLENN POVEY

ECHOES: THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF PINK FLOYD

With the death of Richard Wright we will never get to see a full-on Pink Floyd reunion, but we've found the next best thing. Glenn Povey traces the band from its experimental roots with Syd Barrett to its international success. A perfect read after you're coming down from the high you'll get when the Roger Waters *The Wall* tour hits town.



JON BEAM

NEIL DIAMOND IS FOREVER: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY OF THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC

Neil Diamond is so much cooler than you. The "Jewish Elvis" has bedded a bevy of Hollywood A-listers, appeared in several films and recorded some of rock's greatest hits. This in-depth book looks at the man, the myth, the legend.

AMBER FOXX

AGE: 41

LOCATION: San Diego

Landscape design artist Amber Foxx has always had a wild streak in her. As a teenager growing up in Fresno, California, she was all about sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. The ravenous redhead was also a high school and collegiate athlete, excelling in softball and soccer.

But Amber's favorite sport has long been sex. "When I was in college, my girlfriend and I were at a guy's house watching movies," she recalls. "My girlfriend and I were bored with the movie, so we started messing around with each other, which led to having sex. This, of course, got the guy and his two male roommates worked up, and they joined in and took turns with us."

To keep fit, Amber plays racquetball five days a week, water-skis, rides Harleys and indulges in more...sex. "I fulfilled most of my fantasies during college," she tells us. "I've been with men, women, multiple partners. I like men and women who are genuine, honest, funny and physically fit. The only thing I haven't done is have sex with a stranger. That would be very cool."

Amber welcomes being a cougar. "I have more experience now, as do the men and women I'm with," she says. "Also, there are no hangups with jealous puppy love partners."

Sex isn't the only thing on this vivacious vixen's mind. Topping Amber's list of goals are winning an award for her landscape design and being showcased in HUSTLER Magazine.

Congratulations, Amber, you're halfway there! 🍷

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.



COUGARS UNLEASHED #21





BP OIL SPILL & ACADEMIA

GULF COAST STUDENTS WERE EAGER TO HELP OUT WHILE OTHERS WERE VICTIMIZED BY THE CATASTROPHE.

Already working three part-time jobs, Tulane University student Kelsey Bain added another voluntary one during the BP oil spill, arguably the worst environmental disaster in U.S. history. She woke up at 5 a.m. five days a week to start her summer vacation by helping to clean oil-covered wildlife off Louisiana's Gulf Coast.

"I knew I had to do something," Bain recalled, "after one of my professors almost started crying during a lecture as he explained how devastating this would all be for the Gulf. The hardest part for me is not that individual creatures are dying but the fact that entire generations of species might be lost. We've even found there's nowhere to release the animals that we can rehabilitate back to health."

Also suffering immensely are the fishing and tourism industries. Before the BP well started gushing, Louisiana was America's second-biggest seafood harvester and the top provider of shrimp, crawfish, oysters and crab. Also, according to a study conducted by Oxford Economics USA for the U.S. Travel Association, the five Gulf Coast states could suffer a total of \$22.7 billion in tourism losses over the next three years due to the colossal BP oil spill.

"It's a scary thing to imagine that our beaches will be covered in oil soon," said Peter Ryther, student body president at Florida Gulf Coast University back when the massive slick was spreading eastward. "I work at a restaurant in Fort Myers [the home of FGCU], and most of our business comes from tourism. A disaster such as this will be devastating to the city and students."

Like Kelsey Bain, Ryther wanted to help. "We plan on sending students to Pensacola to aid in the relief efforts," Ryther went on to say. "The beaches and economy are being trashed there, and students are being directly affected. Students are pissed when they take the time to make a piñata resembling Tony Hayward [BP's CEO at the time] and smash it at a kegger for charity. It shows exactly how they feel."

Josh Finley, the University of West

As Florida Gulf Coast University students awaited the arrival of tar balls and other vestiges of the calamity, many were prepared to assist in cleanup work.

Florida's student body president, addressed how the onslaught of tar balls on its beaches was impacting the panhandle city of Pensacola: "We are extremely concerned with the immediate and long-term effects, not only to the environment but also to the economy. I hear stories every day about students who have lost their jobs or have suffered severe pay loss due to the spill." Before America's economic meltdown, the Gulf region offered collegians plenty of opportunity to work in the leisure and hospitality sectors. Now, making matters worse, vacationers are being scared off by an environmental disaster.

Finley created an outreach program to—in his words—"research the [catastrophe's] effect on students in the state of Florida and at our university, as well as help students find resources to assist them in such dire times."

Meanwhile, at the University of New Orleans, a team of students and faculty for-

mulated a plan to help mend the situation. "Because of the successful results we have obtained in the past on the treatment of bilge water and produced water, we are sure that we will be able to clean the oil-polluted seawater in the Gulf to levels that exceed the EPA water-quality requirements," announced UNO Professor of Sanitary/Environmental Engineering Enrique J. La Motta. "It's just up to BP if it wants to implement it."

As FGCU students awaited the arrival of tar balls and other vestiges of the calamity, many were prepared to assist in cleanup work. "The wildlife and our beaches haven't yet taken as hard a hit as Louisiana or north Florida, but that will only take time," said Tyler Offerman, Student Government Director of Environmental Initiatives at FGCU. "However, our already-precarious economy is feeling the effects of the spill with previously scarce jobs evaporating around us. Many students don't know how to digest this disaster. They are holding their breath as wave after wave of black death [tar balls] creeps ever closer to southwest Florida. We

are Florida Gulf Coast University. Our name comes from the Gulf of Mexico and...so does our livelihood."

POSTSCRIPT: The BP oil well seems on the verge of finally

being plugged, but it could take years if not decades for the Gulf Coast's environment and economy to fully recover. Although many students in the region face hardships, count on the academic community to play a leading role in righting the ship.

Joey Berumen of Whittier, California, is editor in chief of the Cerritos College student newspaper, *Talon Marks*. The second-year journalism major is also a contributing writer for *Hollywood Scriptwriter* magazine.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at Features@LFP.com. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé. 📸

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

SAMMI

VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY

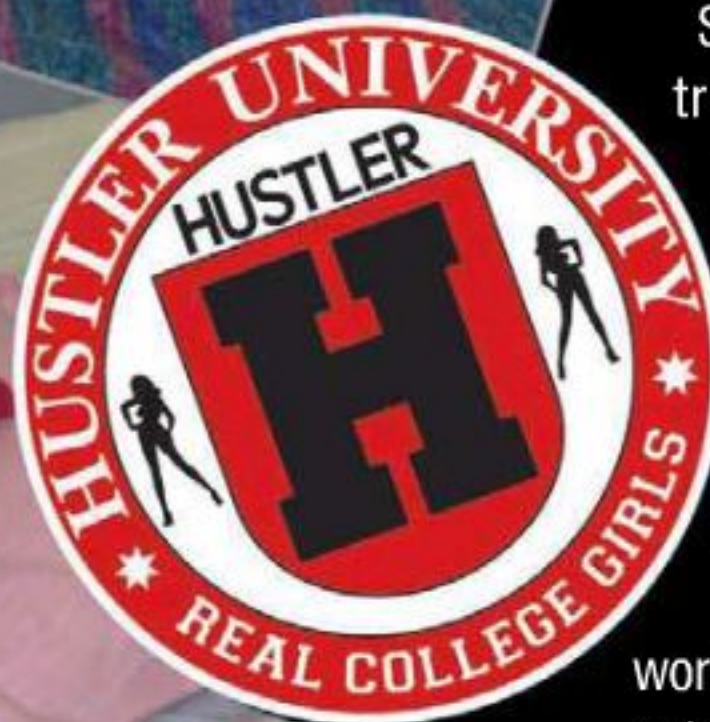
"People have spotted me naked or whatever in a lot of places," says Sammi, 22, a VCU junior majoring in fine arts. "The most incriminating episode involved a moving car, an interstate highway, a girl and every lucky person who drove by us. I never get embarrassed." Now the "fun, down-to-earth and talkative" Virginian, by way of Roanoke, can get butt naked and talk about whatever. "I can be such a tease," she reckons.

Focusing on our favorite subject, Sammi confides, "I love sex. I much prefer male partners, but I've been with girls. At times I can come across as a bitch and control freak, so I really love men who are take-charge and aren't intimidated by me. In my mind, there's nothing sexier than a guy who'll put me over his knee, pull down my panties and spank me."

Sammi proves just how scholastic she is: "I've tried anal! It's a nice change if the guy knows what he's doing back there. I love experimenting with all kinds of fetishes and kinky things." But over-the-edge sex isn't the 5-foot-5 coed's sole form of exercise. "I was a track girl in high school," she explains, "and I still run around four miles every day."

Meanwhile, the lazy Sammi is into social networking, Mexican and Italian food, a bunch of bands—notably Fall Out Boy, Kings of Leon and Foo Fighters—and the boob tube. "I watch a lot of sports," the loquacious single gal informs us, "along with *Burn Notice*, *The Simpsons* and *Married With Children*. I'm old-school, and I love to laugh."

Before ambling off with her HUSTLER modeling diploma, Sammi—who still dreams about "all those naked girls in my freshman dorm"—muses, "There are a few professors I'd like to mess around with."





DIVE RIGHT IN



SYREN SEXTON

With a body built for sex and an irrepressible appetite to get it on, **Syren Sexton** lives up to her name. "I always knew I would be in porn," the passionate Brit proclaims. "Always! Ever since the first time I slid a bloke's cock in my mouth, I knew I had a gift that I needed to share with the world."

Losing her virginity was a cup of tea for **Syren**. "The first time most girls have sex," she coos, "they say it was uncomfortable and painful. Not me. It felt fabulous! From that moment on I knew I would spend a good part of my life shagging."

A far cry from prim-and-proper, **Syren** confides, "My newest thing is anal. I don't want to say I'm addicted, mind you, but lately I love getting banged in the bum more than anything. My God, it feels good! But damn near anything turns me on. I really like a guy who tries in bed. Please me, and you'll be pleased."

As for the mouthwatering lady's moniker, **Syren** notes, "I think of myself as a classic beauty like the film actresses Kim Novak and Veronica Lake. And I must admit **Syren** sounds so damn hot when a man says it in bed."

And her last name? "Because I like to have a ton of sex," **Syren** replies. "Well, maybe not a ton, but as much as possible."









SYREN SEXTON'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Seaham, England | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 119





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Time off for bad behavior: Scarlett Fay is a spitting image in *Lindsay Goes to Jail*.



HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Goes to Jail

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** SCARLETT FAY, SAFFRON FALLS, BREANNE BENSON & JAY CREW.

 Leave it to Lindsay Lohan to make an orange jumpsuit look hot. This XXX sendup commemorates our favorite Hollywood train wreck's most recent stint in the slammer (which is called that for various reasons). Thanks to Scarlett Fay's uncanny resemblance to LiLo and the stunning gullability of the average porn fan, you will believe Lindsay sucked off a judge and swapped pussy juice with a nympho turnkey. No wonder Lohan served less than two weeks. This disc also features scenes from Scarlett's debut as the girl who went from Disney to dirty in record time. Order it on page 140.

—M.J.



Perfect game: Kristina Rose and Kimberly Kane's stairway to heaven (below) in *The Big Lebowski*.



The Big Lebowski: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. **DIRECTOR:** LEE ROY MYERS. **STARRING:** KIMBERLY KANE, BRIANA BLAIR, KRISTINA ROSE, BOBBI STARR, LONDON KEYES, CARLA COX, ASHLEY GRACE, JACKIE DANIELS, ANDY SAN DIMAS, CELESTE STAR, TOM BYRON, JAMES DEEN, STEVE HOLMES, KENI STYLES, ANTHONY ROSANO, ROCCO REED, PETER O'TOOL & EDDIE ADAMS.

It takes a delusional ego to tackle a comedy masterpiece, so it should be a piece of cake for a porn director. This fearless spoof of the Coen Brothers' near-perfect comedy (with *Big* as an anatomical reference) is surprisingly adept at evoking fond memories of the original, while tossing in topless bowlers, upstanding johnsons and vagina-slurping thugs. The latter defile the Dude's porn collection with splooge, and since such aggression cannot stand, man, the hero (played by porn legend Tom Byron) soon finds himself sucked into the dregs of horny Los Angeles. Kimberly Kane looks great in this flick, both as a Teutonic fantasy girl in the Dude's stroker dream and as the oversexed Maude. Overall, the fuck scenes—including a porn parody of porn—are better than Oscar-worthy. (Have you seen what gets an Oscar these days?) It's like watching a bunch of naked people act out their favorite movie. Add in high production values and above-average performances and you've got something Jeff Bridges wouldn't mind splooging on. Fuckin' A, dude!

—M.J.



Get out more: **Asian Party Sluts** Astrid James, Charmane Star and Kita Zen improve the gene pool.



Asian Party Sluts #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** SLAIN WAYNE. **STARRING:** ASTRID JAYMES, AMAI LIU, MYA LUANNA, CHARMANE STAR, KITA ZEN, KRIS SLATER, MR. PETE, ANTHONY ROSANO, BRETT ROCKMAN, BRAD HARDY & SETH GAMBLE.



Who doesn't fantasize about trolling for pliable little A-cuppers in the nightclubs of L.A.'s Koreatown and Little Tokyo (or whatever your town's Far East enclave may be called)? This second installment in HUSTLER's new Asian line repeats the debut disc's functional formula: sleazy little Pacific rims in slinky clubwear end up stripped and cum-sprayed in the chill-out room. A perfect night out or what? If Asian is your favorite flavor, the entire menu here—including familiar faces Mya Luanna and Charmane Star—is worth a few shots. But we're awarding the most potent cocktail to cute Kita Zen, for no other reason than that she looks slightly more Asian than standout sex kitten Astrid Jaymes. As for the latter, just imagine coming all over her lovely tattoo. Now that's a party! Order APS #2 on page 140.

—M.J.



Nyomi Banxxx (left), Aurora Jolie and Bella Moretti (below) get their yearly **Throat Injection**.



Throat Injection #3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ALEXANDER DeVoe. **STARRING:** NYOMI BANXXX, EMY REYES, MELODY NAKAI, BELLA MORETTI, AURORA JOLIE, DESIREE DIAMOND, D SNOOP, JON JON, ICE COLD, RICO STRONG, BRIAN PUMPER, NAT TURNER, RAY BLACK, NATHAN THREAT & MARK ANTHONY.

 Black porn master Alexander DeVoe walked off with an armload of honors at the latest Urban X Awards, including Director of the Year and Best Oral Series for his *Throat Injection* line. If your sensory cortex responds particularly well to hot black chicks orally servicing a roomful of equally deep-complexioned schlongs, this one is a must-ogle. Nyomi Banxxx—who even looks pretty with her face distorted by dick and slobber—is the highlight of any movie she’s in (and the “black Barbie” is unusually nasty in this one), but the rest of the female talent (all subjected to the same vat of testosterone) provides some good competition. Lithe, young Bella Moretti, in particular, is aptly named. This release has zero elegance and class; just a lot of messy, unceremonious back-of-the-throat bruising, as though human dignity has gone extinct, and all guys want to do is get blowjobs. Come to think of it, that’s not so far off the mark.

—M.J.



Tigress: Joslyn James is **The 11th Hole**.



The 11th Hole

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** B. SKOW. **STARRING:** JOSLYN JAMES, KRISSY LYNN, SEAN MICHAELS, DEEP THREAT, JON JON, JASON BROWN & MR. MARCUS.



Here's the first fuck flick written by a world-class athlete! Vivid wasted no time signing up serial sexter Tiger Woods' fuck bunny No. 11 for its VividCeleb label. Based entirely on the alleged text messages between the horndog ace and porn star Joslyn James, *The 11th Hole* tees off two hours of POV play with some prime deep-throating. The stuntcock seems to have a little trouble keeping wood, so to speak, which may or may not be historically accurate, but Joslyn is well-practiced in the art of the patient (read: lucrative) girlfriend experience. When it came to working off the stress, Tiger reputedly liked to drive deep into the rough, you might say, and Joslyn is rough in more ways than one. Filthier than a sandtrap, she's only too happy to jettison dignity in favor of her sugar daddy's ass-to-mouth fantasies. The anal scenes leave little doubt as to why Tiger endangered his entire career to keep treating Joslyn "like a whore" and hitting that back nine. Now that his balls are back in a jar, he's no doubt anonymously ordering this movie right now.

—M.J.



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Money shot: Celeste Star and Misty Stone compete with MILFs Tanya Tate and Brooke Haven (below) for an **Apprentice** position.



This Ain't Celebrity Apprentice XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STUART CANTERBURY. **STARRING:** JESSICA JAYMES, KYLEE REESE, BROOKE HAVEN, CELESTE STAR, MISTY STONE, TANYA TATE, DERRICK PIERCE, LEE BANG, DALE DABONE & KYLE STONE.



Nothing is worse than blowhard Donald Trump's televised egofest, so a porn parody of it has to be better, right? Jessica Jaymes kicks off the executive itch-scratching as a groupie banging hair-metal trash Bret, followed by Kylee Reese as Ivanka scoring some interracial points with a hung contestant. Brooke Haven as '80s pop star Cyndi takes a leap of faith to imagine, but the genital action is professional enough. (No disrespect to Brooke, but we imagine that the real Ms. Lauper would beat any porn star in the sack.) The girl/girl action with Celeste Star and Misty Stone as Holly is worth fast-forwarding for, but Tanya Tate brings a nice MILF dominance to the role of Sharon (she even has a British accent) that climaxes the whole sorry spectacle in style. Tanya should win hands down, but the Donald has a surprise in mind. You're no doubt dying from suspense already. This parody is the hideous spawn of the world's two sleaziest genres: porn and reality TV, so it's strictly for trash addicts. (That means you.) Order it now on page 140—or you're fired!

—M.J.



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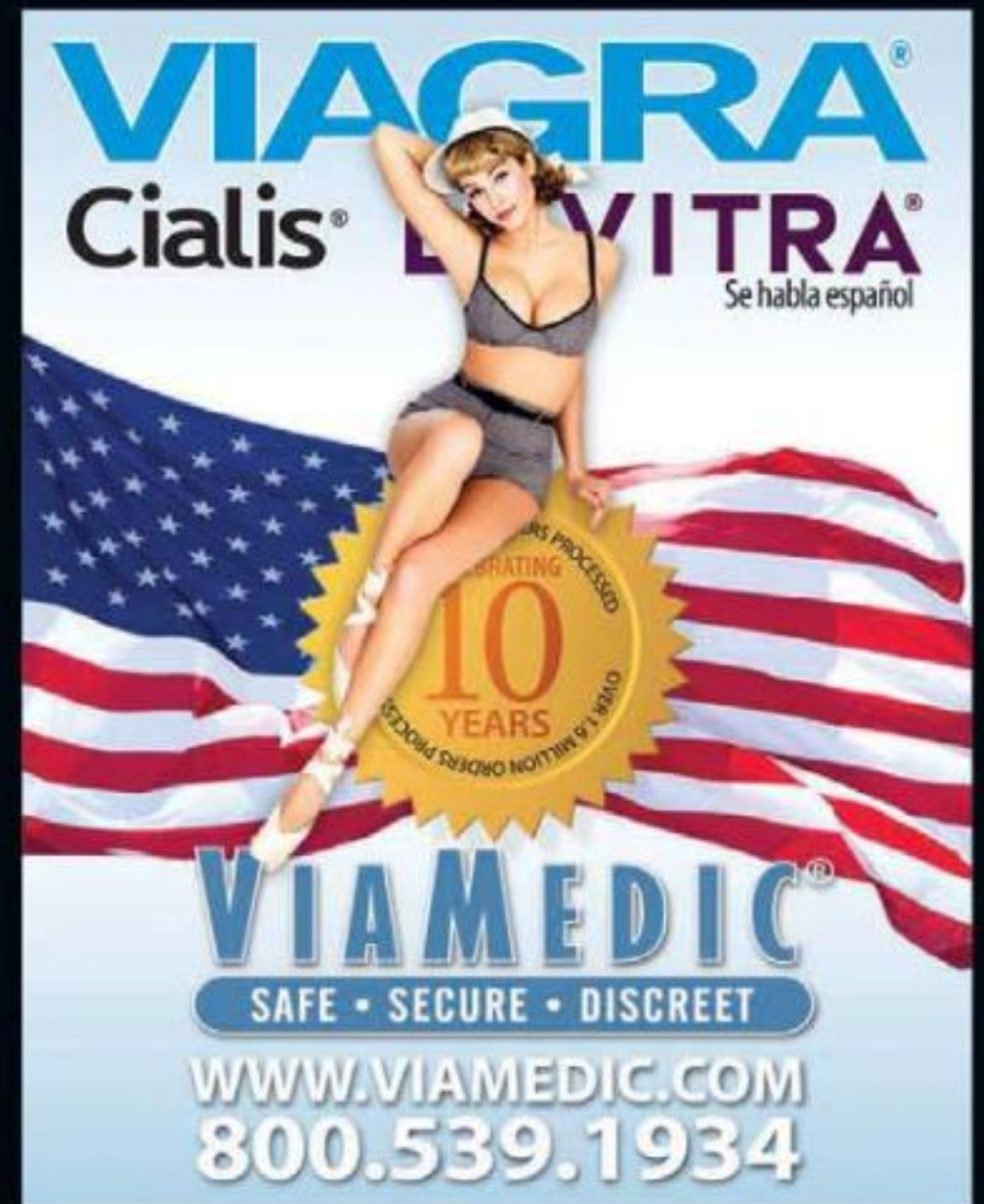
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THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX



**HUSTLER
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PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



In the past two years HUSTLER Video has set the standard for high-quality porn spoofs. But Larry Flynt has now raised the bar sky-high with HUSTLER Video's latest release, ***This Ain't Avatar XXX***.

The big-budget, hard-core parody of James Cameron's sci-fi adventure—the most successful film of all time—boasts top-notch special effects, fantastic sets, realistic makeup and a whole lot of blue aliens getting down and dirty.







This Ain't Avatar XXX stars a bevy of sex goddesses—most notably **Misty Stone**, **Chanel Preston**, **Juelz Ventura**, **Nicki Hunter** and **Danica Dillan**—plus cocksmen **Evan Stone** and **Lexington Steele**. The best part is you get to see all the eye-popping action in 3D!









The porn parody ***This Ain't Avatar XXX*** is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.

(continued from page 62)

And the worst?

A member of Skid Row—and that's all I'm saying. And no, not Sebastian Bach. I'm sorry. No names. But wow! The boy had no skills whatsoever.

Since you're bisexual, have you

slept with any female rockers?

No, actually, I've always followed male rock stars. My type of girl is usually no makeup, young, innocent, more like the fresh-faced type. Not many female rock stars are like that. They're all wild and tattooed, and I don't like that in a girl.

What advice do you have for young women who want to hang with bands?

I've seen lots of young girls who would do anything to get backstage, and it really breaks my heart. They don't care about their own enjoyment. They're like, "I would do anything to get backstage—anything." And it could destroy them. I've been with other girls in threesomes where nobody has an orgasm because they're just doing it like a robot for these rock stars. My advice would be to just enjoy it. If you wanna get backstage, do it. If you're being treated really badly, then stop.

Do you hope your book inspires women?

I hope it makes people look at things more broadly. I want to say, "Yeah, I'm from Iran, and I'm an academic, but I'm also very sexual." People think if you're sexual, then you must be a bimbo. I'm hoping it will open up people's minds.

Are there any rock stars on your wish list?

Keith Richards.

Even though he's really old?

Yeah, of course, he's Keith Richards!

***The Last Living Slut* is sure to incite controversy. Are you worried about death threats?**

Obviously I am worried if I get any reaction from the Islamic fundamentalists because once they get started, there's no going back. I don't want to die, and I don't want to go into hiding. I hope that there won't be [any retaliation] because I haven't insulted Islam, the Koran or Muhammad; it's just my life story.

Tell us one of your wildest stories.

One of the wildest stories was with a band called Towers of London; they were like the new Mötley Crüe, totally crazy. I don't drink anymore, and I don't do drugs anymore either. But one night I had done a lot of coke and had been drinking. I met them, got naked in the club, started kissing all the girls with them and got kicked out of the club. I was so drunk, I was trying to seduce a policeman who was trying to talk to me about being naked. I was trying to get him to come back to the hotel with me.

I finally got back to the hotel. I was having sex with the singer, and I vomited all over him. And then I left him, went to get the other guys and started having a threesome with another girl. Then I sort of blacked out. I did so much coke that night, I had a seizure the next day. That was a crazy night, and that's actually why I don't do drugs anymore.

What's up next?

I want to write a book about the underground sex parties in Iran. There is a very strict, oppressive Islamic government that has given rise to these underground secret parties that go on with young Iranians. It's just like being at an orgy. There are crazy drugs and lots of sex. If they get raided, people could be stoned [to death] and tortured. It's a big thing that no one has really written about, and I would like to explore that.





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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



"Guys always do what I ask, but they do it more energetically when I'm bare-ass naked!"

STAR



■ Since HUSTLER left Ohio behind in January 1978, our latest coozefest bares a trio of unabashed Buckeye Staters. First up is this "bubbly" retail clerk from Mentor, who'll become a 20-year-old three days into 2011. "I wished to appear nude in HUSTLER to introduce myself to the modeling business," Star enlightens us, "and to be a bigger tease than I've ever been." But that's not the onetime cheerleader's calling card in the bedroom or impromptu love nests. "I'm straight, I love role-playing, and I can be kinky. I've had sex in a hot tub at a water park and on a baseball field. But my favorite sport is football, my favorite team is the Cleveland Browns, and my favorite player is Josh Cribbs." At her crib the 5-foot-4 dancing buff, whose fave singer is Usher and fave side dish is mashed potatoes, is a couch potato when *Army Wives*, *Drop Dead Diva*, *Ghost Whisperer* and *Medium* are aired. For lying in bed alone at night, Star has baked two fresh-air fantasies: "I'd like to be photographed naked at a beach and have sex outdoors during a thunderstorm." —Photos by Friend



"I love to make people smile. What always makes *me* smile is hard-and-fast doggy-style sex!"



EVE

■ This stay-at-home mom from Waipahu, Hawaii, has a tough time staying dressed when a camera's around. "I used to be a girl Friday for a neighbor who specialized in nude photography," Eve, 25, recalls. "I'd get naked to make his models feel more comfortable, and I'm sure you know what that could lead to, me being overtly bi and all." The 5-foot-7 hottie is also aggressive with the opposite sex. "I play ice hockey," Eve explains. "I like banging guys

around at the rink, and I like being banged by them in bed!" The Big Islander is also big on football's Indianapolis Colts, social networking, paintball and cinema. "I love movies that drag my heart around in a blender or make my mind spin," Eve reveals. "Some of my faves are Rob Zombie's *Halloween II*, *Interview With the Vampire*, *V for Vendetta* and *Boondock Saints*." But she's far from saintly. "I've had sex behind a church," Eve fesses up. —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy is to do whatever a secret admirer desires."



BEAVER HUNT



"My ass and cunt love being tattooed by a hard cock!"



GINGER

■ "I chose to appear nude in HUSTLER because I enjoy exploring all aspects of my sexuality, including my inner exhibitionist," notes Ginger, 30, a clinical trials associate from San Diego. "I'm seductive and insatiable, and I really crave anal sex. I come the most when I have meat up my ass while I'm being slapped and choked." No wonder the lifelong Californian frequently steps out "wearing a short skirt with a butt plug in my dirt box and no undies on." Ginger, a wee 5-foot-3, is also atune to crossword puzzles, H.P. Lovecraft stories, music (Tool, Furious IV), hockey, "making dirty home movies" and Adult Swim on the Cartoon Network. "I'm bubbly, and I love to laugh," toots *The Mighty Boosh* follower, whose showcase ends dramatically: "I daydream that my boyfriend and I are walking through a crowded mall. I grab the first hot chick I find, pull her by the hair and make her eat my cunt while my man rams his thick cock up my ass." —Photos by Boyfriend





"I love waking up with morning wood between my cheeks!"



LORENNA FOXX

■ "I am a sexy country gal with a hungry hot pocket," asserts Lorena Foxx, 19, a "flirtatious waitress" and "cuddle bear who loves popcorn" from Ashtabula, Ohio. "That's what I call my vagina. I'm also very goofy, and I love to make people laugh." Here's a taste: "I've participated in a lot of sports handling balls," the 5-foot-5 soccer, kickball and *South Park* devotee quips. Lorena is an amorous athlete too: "I love fucking doggy-style and getting it from behind while I'm still asleep, but my biggest pleasure is 69. I have an amazing talent. I can take a huge cock all the way in my throat without gagging. And I love swallowing the warm cream right before falling asleep. It soothes my sex addiction." Lorena, who'd "love to sing and write tunes with Taylor Swift," doesn't just dream of becoming a country music sensation: "Bye-bye, waffles and eggs. I want to be a porn superstar!" —Photos by Friend



LISA

■ "I've streaked on mountain trails and skinny-dipped a bunch of times," touts this "outgoing, adventurous and daring" waitress from Bend, Oregon. "I like being nude; it's fun." So is Lisa. "I'm totally single and straight," the 28-year-old points out, "but I like girls from time to time. No matter who I'm with, I want to be dominated in bed. What I like the most is being on my back while a guy lifts me up by the ankles and bangs my vag hard and fast." And should the 5-foot-4 reggae aficionada be boned that way outdoors, she'd be even more of a Groundation fan. Also a fancier of "taking pictures wherever I go" and alfresco dining, Lisa chirps, "I love almost-burned hot dogs right off the grill." As for her biggest thrill to date, the bawdy Beaver Stater marvels, "I had a threesome with my best friend and this guy we met after a rave. We both got fucked all night long; it was nuts!" Darting from reality to fantasy, Lisa coos, "I'd like to do more experimenting with girls and find a guy who's into role-playing. I'd also like to meet President Obama." —Photos by Friend



"I love rock-hard cocks and really rough sex!"





DANIELLE

BEAVER HUNT



■ "I'm a total nymphomaniac and exhibitionist," bellows Danielle, 25, an "adventurous, sweet and multi-orgasmic" housewife from St. Petersburg, Florida. "I love sucking my husband's cock every day, being eaten out, getting fucked doggy-style, trying to get away with having sex in public and posing for naughty pictures. I also like reading, watching football and *Family Guy*, listening to Incubus and Rob Zombie and baking cookies." Affirming her stature as an unabashed vixen is the 5-foot-2 Sunshine Stater's most audacious tryst: "My husband and I drove out to a lake late one night, had sex in the back of the car, then drove home with me still naked. We then fucked on the hood of the car in our apartment building's parking lot, after which I casually walked naked all the way to our bedroom. (Except for high heels!) No one saw me, but it was such a rush! You can see why I'd love to wander naked through a mall, library or other public place where it would be least expected but absolutely noticed!" Danielle also hankers "to meet Sheri Moon Zombie" and "have a beautiful girl eat my pussy while I'm blowing my husband." Sweet! —Photos by Husband



"I get very excited thinking about people seeing me naked."



BROOKE

■ "Being very comfortable with nudity, I love showing off my body," purrs this "laid-back, down-to-earth and friendly" cashier from Painesville, Ohio. "I've streaked numerous times with friends. It makes me feel so free.



If I knew I wouldn't get busted, I'd streak through a crowded mall or across a football field during a game." Brooke, who'll be blowing out 20 b-day candles in January, has a slew of interests: reading, sewing, R&B, punk rock, TV (topped by *One Tree Hill*, *LA Ink*, *Supernatural* and *Overhaulin'*), "cooking for my boyfriend—nude of course" and sex. "I'm bi, I tend to be passive with guys and aggressive with girls, and I love to try new things," the 5-foot-3 "pasta connoisseur" imparts. "My favorite positions are missionary and doggy-style. I also love to dry hump! Sometimes it's better than going all the way." Brooke—whose hijinks include bondage, anal and "occasional" group sex—has a pair of ferocious fantasies: "I'd love to have sex with a complete stranger on impulse without ever knowing his name. I'd also love to be foxy with Megan Fox." —Photos by Friend





"I'm very dominant. I get off telling my lovers where to go and what to do."



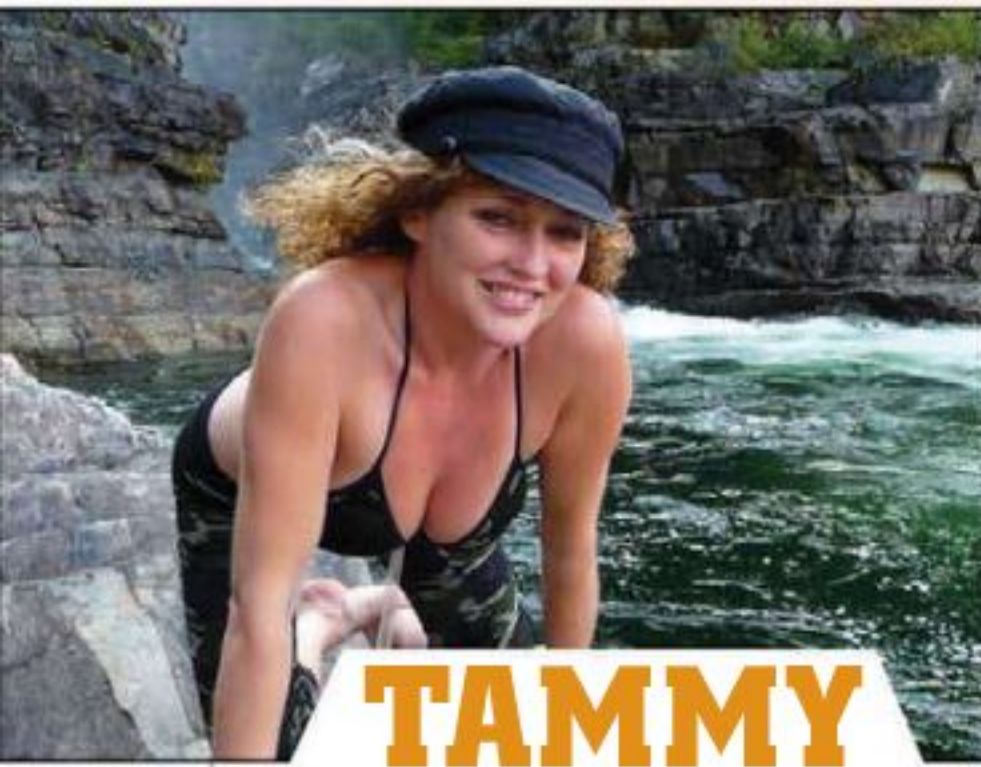
LANE ELIZABETH

■ "I love flashing at Mardi Gras and showing off the whole enchilada just about anywhere else," professes this "sweet party girl" from Mesquite, Texas. Lane Elizabeth, who'll turn 27 at the end of January, may be fond of "being looked at by hot guys, clubbing, movies, Top 40 music, eating out, marshmallows and Dr. Phil," but primarily filling her kick list is sex. "I'm bi but very partial to the penis," the 5-foot-7 Lone Star Stater confides. "I'm also hellbent on being a porn star. I just won't do gang-bangs, albinos or midgets." Although not sure if Lane Elizabeth is pulling our leg, we admire her spunk and everything else. Happy birthday! —Photos by Friend



"I want to be wearing only shoes and a smile as a carhop delivers my order at a drive-in eatery."





TAMMY

■ “I have looked through many editions of HUSTLER and thought it would be fun and an honor to see my pictures in such a great magazine,” declares Tammy, 46, a homemaker out of Campbell River, Canada. Besides modeling nude, the “adventurous and curious” British Columbian has a yen for “gardening, dancing, riding my Harley and vacationing in Hawaii so I can suntan on a beach buck-ass naked between hockey seasons.” The 5-foot-4 Vancouver Canucks die-hard digs porn as well. “Watching XXX movies makes me horny,” admits Tammy, an avowed oral sex and doggy-style enthusiast. “My favorite saying is ‘I’ve been very, very naughty! I think I need a lickin’.’ I also enjoy giving blowjobs and watching the explosion while getting a facial.” Spewing additional candor, the fledgling Web performer divulges, “I am not only a mother of three but also a grandmother—a horny exhibitionist grandma at that! I love the idea that HUSTLER readers will see me naked, and I’d love to be there and watch them stroking their big, hard cocks!” Hats off to Tammy.

—Photos by Husband
of 27 Years



“My pussy loves
a good lickin’!”



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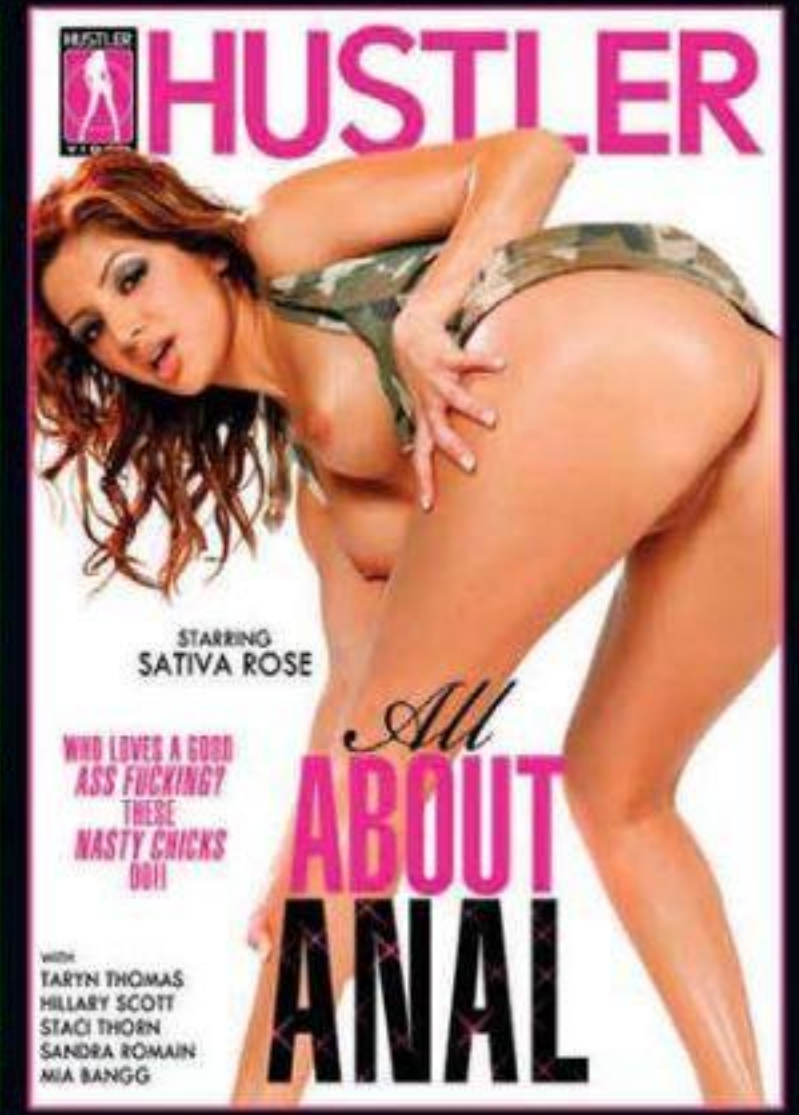
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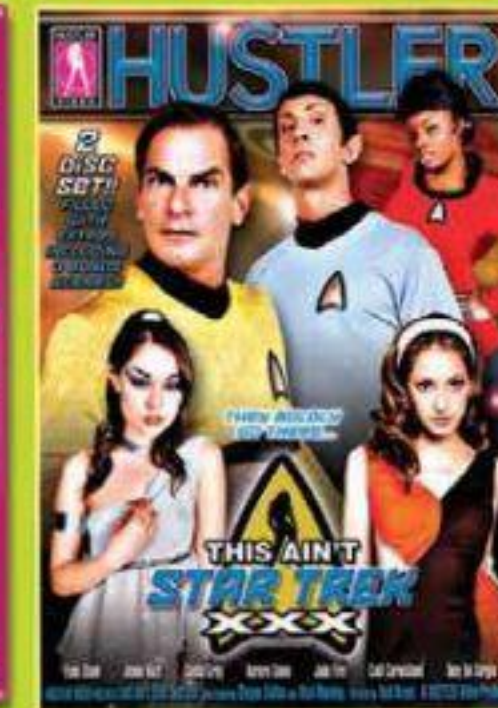
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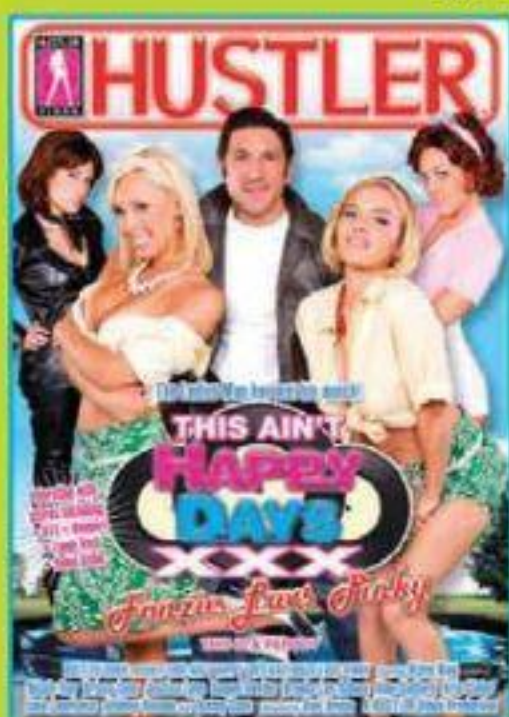
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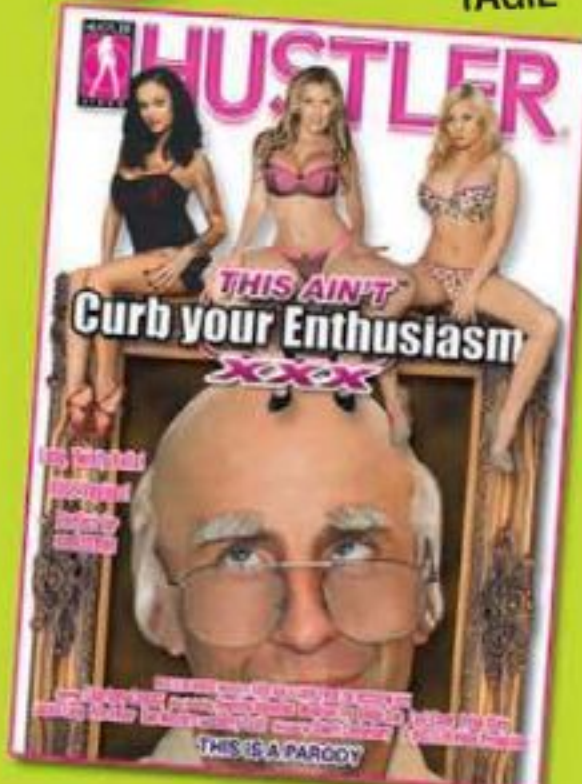


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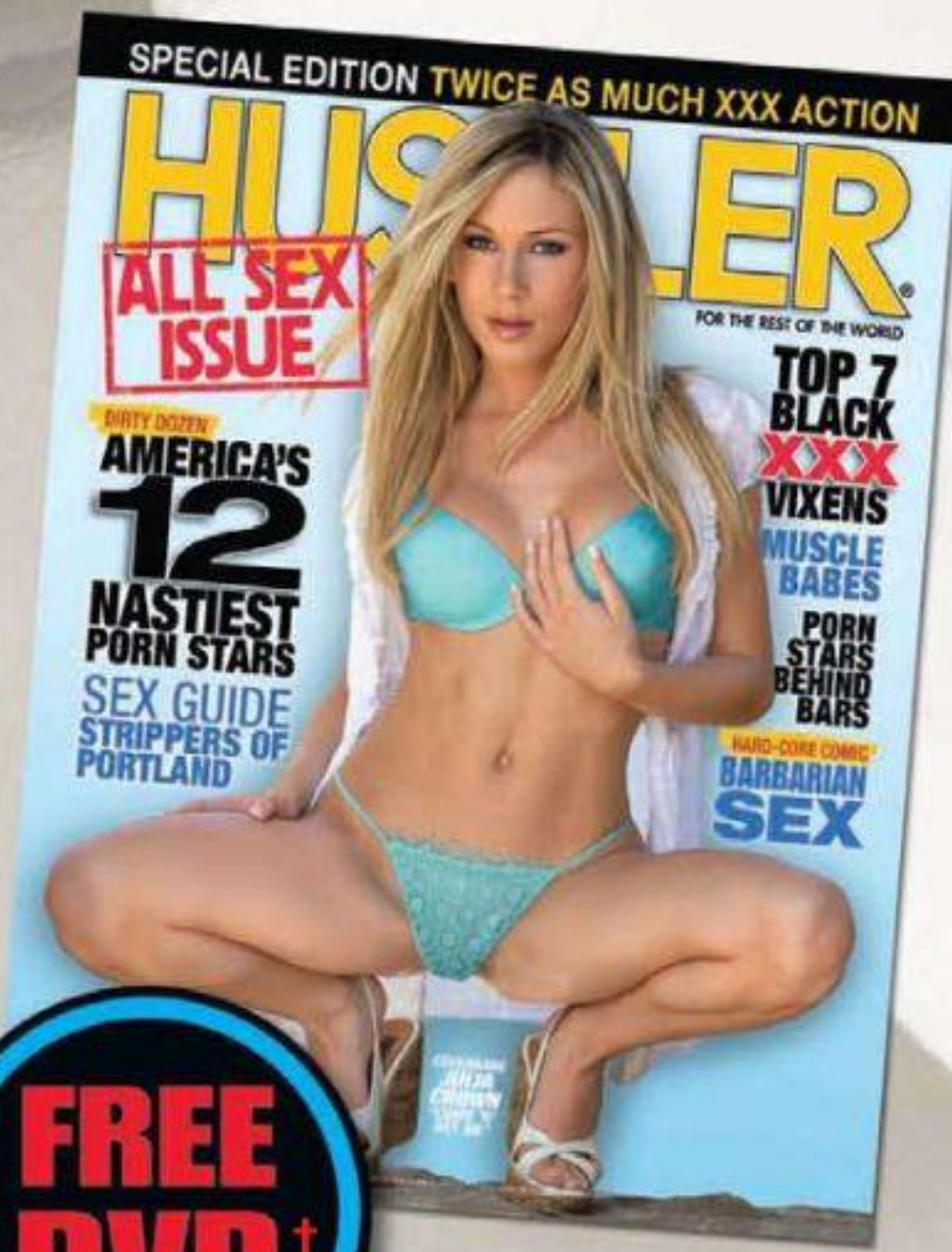
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**DOWN-TO-EARTH
SEX GODDESSES**

TAIJA RAE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES





Her name is pronounced Tay-zha. She lifted it from an Asian cocktail waitress she worked with in the days before becoming lodged in the pink firmament of porn stardom. **Rae** she swiped from King Kong's original love interest, Fay Wray, then changed the spelling because she doesn't like names that end in y. The exotic-sounding name is the only thing that's phony about this remarkable, down-to-earth sex goddess, who—with Traci Lords, Ginger Lynn and Amber Lynn—completes porn's big four.





Though she's worked fairly consistently over the past two years, stardom did not come quite so quickly for **Taija** as it did for Traci, Ginger and Amber. For one thing, those three were products of the West Coast video explosion. **Rae's** early work was primarily on film, which takes longer to shoot and even longer to release. Not only that, **Rae's** figure was decidedly doughy, and living in Philadelphia pretty much restricted her to East Coast productions, which have slowed down considerably. Primarily, though, she just doesn't give a fuck about becoming a porn superstar. Thanks to her trimmer figure, a West Coast agent and her utter absorption with sex, which you can read in her face, **Taija Rae** has assumed her rightful place in the carnal fantasies of trouser-snake strokers everywhere.







"I only have one piece of advice, Son: Smell the pussy, eat the pussy, fuck the pussy, but whatever you do, don't marry the pussy!"

CASEY JAMES

COMING NEXT

MONTANA FISHBURNE: PORN STAR RISING

After Montana Fishburne, the fetching 19-year-old daughter of *Matrix* star Laurence Fishburne, recently made her adult-movie debut, she spoke with journalist Anka Radakovich about her controversial career move. Get the scoop on Montana's rocky relationship with her father, her first sexual experiences and the up-and-coming vixen's future in XXX.



TOMMY LEE: A METHOD TO HIS MAYHEM

What has Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee been up to lately? It's all spelled out in a lively Q&A with HUSTLER Music Editor Keith Valcourt. The "playlist" includes *Public Disservice Announcement*, the innovative new CD of Lee's side band Methods of Mayhem, and the night his ex-wife—bombshell Pamela Anderson—dropped by to watch herself as a contestant on *Dancing With the Stars*.



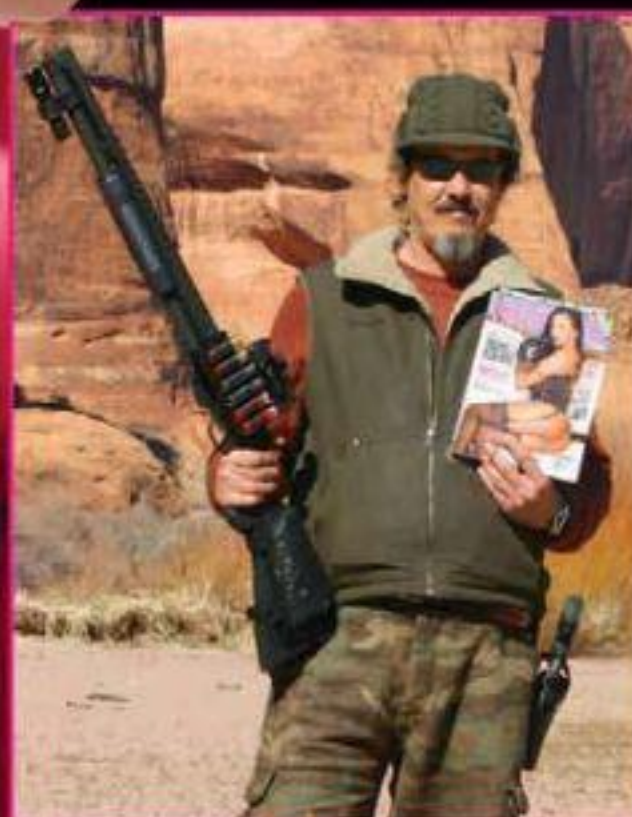
CELEBRATING SUBSERVIENT WOMEN

Our younger readers may find this hard to believe, but American housewives once happily accepted being their husbands' domestic servants, especially in the bedroom. Then came women's liberation and political correctness. To commemorate the good old days, we've dug up a bevy of vintage ads with a common thread: Men are king!



CONFESSIONS OF A LIBERAL GUN NUT

No, it's not an oxymoron, as writer, cartoonist and blogger Travis Kelly makes clear in his defense of our right to bear arms. The native Texan is a member of this country's "most closeted and underestimated minority—liberals who own guns." Find out why Kelly and other former gun control advocates on the Left now feel compelled to keep a weapon handy.



GLOBAL WARMING: WE'RE OUT OF TIME

Geopolitical analyst Gwynne Dyer is the author of *Climate Wars: The Fight for Survival as the World Overheats*. In an exclusive interview with HUSTLER, Dyer explains why Earth's ever-rising mean temperature—even a mere two degrees Celsius—will change our lives forever. He also proposes various measures to avert an apocalyptic future of famine, mass exoduses and nuclear war.



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